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THE

TWELVE FOUNDATIONS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY THE

REV. H. C. ADAMS,

LATE FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD;
AUTHOR OF SIVAN THE SLEEPER, ADAMS' ANNOTATED GOSPELS,
ETC.

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TO

ROBERT SPECKOTT BARTER, B.C.L.

WARDEN OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE,

This little Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY AND GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

Dec. 1858.

DEDICATORY STANZAS.

I.

'T is said that, in these later days,
When ears are dull, or hearts are cold;
They fare, who seek the Poet's praise,
More hardly than in years of old.

II.

Though high his theme, though pure his strain,
Breathing the lovely and the true;—
The bard his laurel scarce shall gain,
Whose lay is sweet but is not new.

III.

Hard rule, methinks, when all have heard
How many a hundred years agone
The wisest of the wise averred,
That nought was new beneath the Sun.

IV.

Hard rule for all who would reveal
The fancies of Poetic dream;
But most its hardship he must feel,
Who takes thy praises for his theme.

V.

For if I sang of hoary hairs,
And of the brow they whiten round,
That Age's crown of glory wears,
In ways of holiest wisdom found:

VI.

Of faithful words, in times long past,
Whose memory still sustains and cheers:
In Boyhood's virgin furrows cast,
To bear their fruit in after years:

VII.

Of cheerful glance, and beaming smile,
Which none, who once had shared, forgot;
Of kindliest act, more prized the while,
Because the world surmised it not;—

VIII.

If strains like these employed my lyre,
New in men's eyes they could not seem:
Around how many a household fire,
Such thoughts are a familiar theme!

IX.

Or if I prayed that years might glide,
In Age's calmest sunshine passed,
Before, the Fount of Life beside,
The silver cord is loosed at last:

X.

Not mine alone, such wish to feel,
That to my lip unbidden starts;
The secret prayer I but reveal,
That rises from a thousand hearts!

XI.

Discard we then the Poet's art,
And thought in flowery phrase expressed,
In sooth, when heart would speak to heart,
The homeliest language is the best.

XII.

As thou hast striven, by prayer and deed,
Others to bless, console, and aid :
So be it, in thine hour of need,
A hundred-fold to thee repaid !

THE TWELVE FOUNDATIONS.

"AND THE WALL OF THE CITY HAD TWELVE FOUNDATIONS, AND IN THEM THE NAMES OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES OF THE LAMB."

Rev. xxi. 14.

ST. PETER.

[ST. MATT. XIV. 24—31.]

I.

THE midnight skies were overcast:
Fierce from the mountains poured the blast:
Involving in the mantle dark
Of cloud and storm, the Fishers' bark,
That scarce by dint of straining oar,
Toiled onward to Capernaum's shore.

II.

Sudden, as that belated crew
Wild looks around of terror threw—
The stormy clouds and waves between,
A Human Form was dimly seen.
Upon the Lake It seemed to stand,
And tread the waters as the land.

III.

Onward It moved—the tempest's wrath
Sank into silence round Its path;
The yielding tide Its steps upbore
Firm as a temple's marble floor:
As the fierce winds and waters quailed
Before their Maker's Face unveiled.

IV.

Redoubled wonder and affright
Rose in each breast at that strange sight,
Which scarce the Saviour's warning cry,
"My children, fear not, it is I,"—
That Voice divine they knew so well—
Could, from all hearts, but one, dispel.

V.

From all but one—as Peter heard,
The soul of love within him stirred;
His doubt, his weakness, his dismay
Passed, like a morning mist, away:
"If Thou it be, my Lord, my Guide,
"My Master, bid me to Thy side!"

VI.

The war-cry of a mighty host
In that wild turmoil had been lost:
Yet Mercy heard, and sweet and clear
Upon the loved Apostle's ear,
As though the tempest's voice were dumb,
The Saviour's answer sounded, "Come."

VII.

He heard—he crossed the vessel's side,
His foot was planted on the tide;
The waters, underneath his feet,
Were solid as Capernaum's street:
Erect he moved, sole child of clay
That ever trod that wondrous way!

VIII.

But fiercer at the sight, once more,
Burst forth the elemental war:
And, for the darkness of the storm,
He scarce could see the Saviour's Form:
His human heart within him shrank,
He paused—he tottered—and he sank!

IX.

Yet, ere engulphed beneath the wave,
The arm of Love was prompt to save.
He raised him from the raging tide,
He drew him to the vessel's side;
With gentle chiding in his ear,
"Feeble of heart, ah wherefore fear?"

X.

Oh Thou who, in our troubled night
Of this world's dangers and affright,
When passion's storms most wildly rave,
Art ever near to help and save—
Approach my soul, when sternest tried,
And call me, Master, to Thy side.

XI.

And if on that tempestuous tide
My heart should fail, my step should slide;
When my foot trembles on the brink
Of sin's dark gulf, ere yet I sink,
May Thy sweet mercy pluck me out,
Assuage my dread; dispel my doubt.

XII.

But chiefly at my side be found
When life's last shadows darken round;
When conscience, racked by countless fears,
Howls like a tempest in mine ears,
And human comfort's voice is dumb,
Speak Thou the gracious summons, "Come."

XIII.

Then, though beneath my trembling feet
Death's stormy waters fiercely beat;
Though sin's o'erwhelming load would bear
My spirit downward to despair,
The grasp of Thine Almighty Hand
Shall safely bear me to the strand—

XIV.

Safe to that strand, Life's troubled waters past,
Which Christ's true servants ever reach at last;
Where never night o'erspreads the changeless skies,
Nor tempests rave, nor angry billows rise;
But toil and danger and temptation cease,
And warfare ends in everlasting peace.

ST. ANDREW

[ST. JOHN VI. 8, 9.]

I.

"Lord, dost Thou bid us seek for food
To feed this hungry multitude,
  Dispersed o'er hill and dale?
Lo, where our scanty store is spread,
These fishes and this barley bread—
  And what may these avail?"

II.

The Saviour looked on Andrew's face,
As there He hoped some dawning trace
Of faith, His eye might greet:
Then brief the answer that He made,
"It will suffice for all," He said;
"Bid them sit down to meat!"

III.

Straight at His word the living mass
By hundreds ranged along the grass,
Each in his place, sate down;
Like scattered clouds, when rain is nigh,
That fleck the azure of the sky
With spots of sullen brown.

IV.

Above, below, and far away,
Behold the measureless array
The mountain steeps along!
What monarch of the lavish East
E'er welcomed to his proudest feast
So numberless a throng?

V.

Deep silence fell as Jesus took
The proffered loaves, with upward look,
And blessed them ere He brake:
Then gave, and bade His servants bear
To all the thousands gathered there,
Who hungered for His sake.

VI.

In silent wonder, through the crowd,
They bore the loaves His Hand bestowed,
And gave to each his fill:
Marking, with ever deepening awe,
Spite of such boundless waste, the store
Was undiminished still.

VII.

But chiefly Andrew, as he met
His Master's eye, his cheek was wet,
Shame flushed his forehead pale:
An answer in that eye he read,
To those rash words so lately said,
"And what may these avail?"

VIII.

Methinks, that hour the truth he learned
On Andrew's faithful heart returned
In many an after year:
When, on the Gospel errand sent,
Far into heathen lands he went,
With none to help or cheer.

IX.

As in some spot where thousands meet,
The Camp, the Forum, or the Street,
There hurried to and fro
The banded legions, that obey
The Prince of this world's sovereign sway—
And he its single foe!

X.

He haply thought—those realms of sin
Back to their rightful Lord to win,
  Armies of Saints might fail!
And what the force at his command,
His own unaided heart and hand—
  "And what might these avail?"

XI.

But Who, of yore, the countless host
That thronged Bethsaida's barren coast,
  With those few loaves had fed,
He to a world, if such His choice,
Could, by one feeble human voice,
  Dispense the living bread.

XII.

Taught by that lesson, far and wide
He bore the food his Lord supplied ;
Till in the desert waste
The table of the Lord was spread,
And thousands to the feast were led,
The Saviour's love to taste !

XIII.

Nor less we need that strengthening thought,
Than they who first the Gospel taught—
Lest when we too behold,
How vast the work, ourselves how weak,
Desponding fear should prompt to speak,
As Andrew spake of old.

XIV.

How wide the foe's domain—abroad
The East with her exhaustless horde,
Fast locked in Pagan sleep ;
Southward, those smiling garden isles,
Which Passion's foulest taint defiles,
The charnels of the deep !

XV.

See Afric's myriad peopled plains,
Where, on unnumbered idol fanes,
Hell's incense fires are burned !
Or that rich land of thousand thrones,
That England's laws and empire owns,
Her God alone unlearned !

XVI.

At home—behold their heads they raise,
The Babel towers of modern days,
Where Folly prinks her court!
Lo! fetid yard, and swarming lane,
For Theft and Lust a free domain,
And Murder's safe resort!

XVII.

Where are Thy servants, Lord, a band
Martial and strong, who hand-in-hand
Such millions may assail?
A feeble disunited few!—
Were each a warrior, skilled and true,
"Oh! what may these avail?"

XVIII.

Nay rather, in desponding hours,
The first Apostle's faith be ours—
Rejoicing as we see
The Church's strength that daily swells—
Whose present light but feebly tells
The glory that shall be?

XIX.

From what small seed that Tree arose!
How wide its stately boughs it throws!
Nor shall its growth be stayed,
Till all the nations of mankind
Shall, at its ripe perfection, find
Their home beneath its shade.

ST. JAMES.

[ST. LUKE IX. 52—56; ST. MARK X. 35—40.]

I.

"LORD, to this rebellious race
We have borne Thy word of grace:
Bade them rise with joyful feet,
Their Redeemer's steps to meet.

II.

"But with many a scornful word,
They the gracious message heard;
And their land, they dared avow,
Had not place for such as Thou!

III.

" Surely Thine awakened ire
Sevenfold vengeance shall require ;
And the love they proudly spurned,
Shall to fiery wrath be turned !

IV.

" Shall we bid the heavens unclose,
As the Tishbite smote his foes ?
Bid the arrowy lightnings fall,
To consume them, one and all ?"

V.

" Hush, be still, unchastened heart ;
Deem'st thou this the preacher's part ?
Other spirit his must be,
Whose true steps shall follow Me !

VI.

"Not for this th' Eternal Son
His mortality put on;
Nor His life for sinners gave,
To destroy them, but to save."

VII.

"Lord, a boon, we pray, bestow:
We have shared Thy lot below,
We would also share above,
Thy triumphant joy and love.

VIII.

"Grant that, in Thy day of might,
On Thy left, and on Thy right,
We may sit beside Thy throne,
Next in glory to Thine own!"

IX.

" Dreamers fond, your wish forbear!
All My lot and would ye share?
Nought they know, who thus can speak
Of the fearful thing they seek!

X.

" Have ye lips that will not shrink
To the dregs My Cup to drink?
Will those brows, so smooth and fair,
My Baptismal Waters bear?

XI.

" Say ye 'Yes, for Thy dear sake,
Cross and cup we will partake'?
Sooth and truly that is said,
So your lot is rightly read!

XII.

"Yea, hereafter ye shall drain,
Like your Lord, the cup of pain.
Wronged like Him, like Him despised,
In your blood shall be baptized!

XIII.

"But, for that which ye entreat,
Place beside My judgment-seat—
Shall the highest thrones of Heaven
To a barren wish be given?

XIV.

"His that glory, who shall win
Conquest over death and sin:
He shall fill, by Just decree,
That high throne, and none but he."

I.

Such in his manhood's earlier years was James,
Imperious, rash, intolerant of delay;
A soul of fire, the loftiest place that claims;
And with the thunderbolt of Heaven would slay
All who his path presumed to cross or stay;
Thus proffering hastiest prayers, and thus reproved—
He whom the Humble chose; he whom the Peaceful loved!

II.

Yea, such the witness Truth impartial bears:
Turn we the page; let us look further on;
As were his first, were such his later years?
How closed the day thus stormily begun—
Did clouds still darken round the setting sun?
Or was the end like Summer's evening calm
After the tempest's hush, that breathes a sweeter balm?

III.

Behold, a scene of violence and wrong,
Agrippa's palace-court for doom prepared,
Dark files of soldiers awe the weeping throng.
The block is laid: the steel already bared,
And now by hands, nor scorn nor blow that spared,
The prisoner is led forth—it is the same
Who at his Lord's right hand the highest place would claim!

IV.

The Elder of the Twain—behold him now,
Nor fear nor guilt his soul unsullied stain:
Yet meek he bows beneath the felon's blow,
Or, if a moment wrung with sudden pain,
His lips unclose, it is not to complain:
With ribald taunt around his steps they press,
Silent he hears them rail, or answers but to bless!

V.

Now on the block the Martyr's neck is bowed,
Fierce flashes in the air the lifted brand—
Who breaks with hurried gesture from the crowd:
Kneels in the dust to clasp the sufferer's hand?
Amazed the ministers of murder stand.
'Tis he, prime mover in this ghastly show—
'Tis he, the Accuser's self, the Christian's deadliest foe!

VI.

Won to the Cross—not by the spirit brave,
That like some rock-built castle, high in air,
Hears all unmoved the wildest tempest rave—
But by the lowly meekness, that could bear
Outrage and wrong, nor answer, but by prayer—
Won to the Cross he comes, that Christ to own
Who by His servant's hand such power divine had shown!

VII.

Again th' Apostle kneels, and there, how prized!
His last and dearest convert at his side;
In his own blood that hour to be baptized—
'Tis done—two martyrs have for Jesus died;
Two foes, thenceforth in holiest bonds allied,
Two souls beside the Everlasting Gate,
The oppressor and the oppressed, the Herald Choirs await!

VIII.

Thus early was the Martyr's witness sealed!
Thus soon the conquest o'er corruption won!
And thus the Reaper, in his Master's field,
The labour of the harvest scarce begun,
Hears the sweet call that tells of labour done,
And rest already come; with joy he leaves
The early finished toil, and homeward bears his sheaves.

IX.

Great Changer of the heart, our Spirit's life,
From whom all strength proceeds, all blessing flows,
Whose Providence, from out the stormy strife
Of winds and waters, can command repose,
And make the desert blossom as the rose—
With pitying love, long-suffering Lord, we pray,
Our fallen nature's wreck, our ruined souls survey!

X.

And as of yore Thy Voice, when this fair earth
A blind insensate mass before Thee lay,
Beauty and might and harmony called forth,
And bade it speed on its majestic way:
So yet again, Creator Spirit, say
"Let there be light!" and straightway thro' the gloom
Shall light divine appear, and our dark hearts illume.

XI.

Thy seed into the barren furrows cast,
Water and warm with love the tender mould;
Give increase day by day—that so at last
Thine eye the perfect creature may behold;
More glorious than Thy six-days' task of old—
And when from work once more Thine Hand is stayed,
Thou shalt declare it good, and bless what Thou hast made!

ST. JOHN.

[REVELAT. XXI. 14.]

I.

THE Church—how glorious to behold
Her stately Towers arise,
How flash her steepling Spires of gold
Along the Eastern skies!
Her Master-Builder was the Lord,
His skilful Hand alone
Her Twelve Foundations, deep and broad,
Based on the Living Stone.

II.

But all its sheen of dazzling light
To coldest shadows paled,
Beside the splendours of the sight
To mortal eyes unveiled—
Amid the wild Ægæan wave,
When rapt in holy awe,
John, in his lonely island cave,
Prophetic vision saw.

III.

There, on the Holy Mountain's height
The City gleamed afar;
The glory of the Lord her light,
The bright and Morning Star.
Earth's countless tribes, redeemed from sin,
Wore there the saintly crown,
And mightiest kings but entered in
To cast their greatness down.

IV.

Far as the eye could range, it shone
All glorious to behold,
From rampart to foundation-stone,
One blaze of glittering gold.
Twelve Stones composed the massive base,
Each stone a radiant gem;
Such an Archangel's brows to grace
Might form a diadem.

V.

On every stone a Name was graved,
Graved by an Angel's hand.
None but the spirits of the Saved
The Name could understand.
But John, to whose all-favoured eyne
Heaven's mysteries were unsealed,
To him that hour by gift divine
The cipher was revealed.

VI.

And, as the titles he discerned
Those Twelve Foundations bore,
His human heart within him burned,
With ecstasy of awe.
Eleven his brethren's names, long passed
To Judgment there foreshown—
O miracle of Love, the last
Bore legibly his own!

VII.

Blest Saint; the written Word declares,
By many a text approved,
How just the name that there he bears,
The man "whom Jesus loved."
He oft, when others feared to speak,
The common wish expressed:
When others sate apart, his cheek
Leaned on the Saviour's breast.

VIII.

He saw the robe of Sovereign Power,
On Tabor's heights displayed ;
He marked the Agonizing Hour
By Kedron's garden shade,
He, in the awful mid-day gloom,
Looked on the Holy Dead ;
He only of the riven Tomb
The secret rightly read.

IX.

He trod the earth's remotest wild,
And dared his Lord to own
Before the Desert's ruthless child,
The Cæsar on his throne :
Heaven's secret truths his lips revealed,
Hell's iron bonds he broke ;
He bade the sick, and they were healed ;
The dead, and they awoke.

X.

His voice was as a trumpet-tone
To stir the hearts of men.
The love he woke was as his own,
Nor e'er grew cold again.
And oft, when in his spirit burned
The dread prophetic power,
The distant future he discerned,
As we the present hour.

XI.

Yet more—he sheltered her, the Blest,
The Mother of his Lord,
Through whose bereaved and sorrowing breast
Had pierced the Spoiler's sword!
He chased the sadness from her face,
Her heart's lone cravings stilled;
And filled on earth the very place
The Son Himself had filled!

XII.

Most blest of human kind!—yet ne'er,
  Methinks, the Hand of Power
Conferred on man a gift so rare,
  As in that solemn hour—
When, still a sinful man in sight
  Of Heaven, he read impressed
In lines indelible of light,
  His name among the Blest!

ST. PHILIP.

[ST. LUKE, IX. 59, 60.]

I.

"LORD, if Thou bidst me go,
Thy will be mine—but know
My sire at home unburied lies to-day.
Such space alone I crave,
As in his fathers' grave
May lay his reverend head, and I obey."

II.

'Philip, it may not be
What are the dead to thee—
Thee, by whose care the living must be fed?
Go forth, as thou hast heard,
Go, preach the Living Word,
And leave the Dead the burial of their Dead!"

III.

Reverent his head he bent,
And on his mission went,
Nor paused in doubt, nor backward glance he threw;
For ever, from that day,
Old things had passed away,
Passed out of mind; and all things now were new.

IV.

All youthful dreams, that erst
Haply his fancy nursed,
Of some fair home upon the Lake's green side:
Life gliding calm away,
Like the sweet summer day,
Whose peace but deepens with the hours that glide.

V.

Aspiring hopes, that fain
Some loftier place would gain—
If such he cherished—to the winds were cast:
Like Childhood's broken toy,
Tossed by th' unheeding boy
'Mid the forgotten lumber of the Past.

VI.

Memories of early sin,
Tainting the soul within,
And darkening with foul mists the Spirit's light—
These, as all else, had fled—
The Past, the Past was dead;
Left to its dead to bury out of sight!

VII.

How blest his lot, that hour
Gifted with sudden power
Which years of saintly toil may scarce attain;
Who, at a single stroke,
Habit's stern bondage broke,
Man's utmost strength so oft assails in vain!

VIII.

Who would not be, as he,
From that sad thraldom free,
The memory of the Past, that will not sleep?
Who would not, at a blow,
Slay that remorseless foe,
And sink his corpse a thousand fathom deep?

IX.

But we—our throes are vain,
We may not break his chain,
Not with the fiercest wrestlings of despair—
Though in that strife we wield
Celestial spear and shield,
And rear on high the Archangel's sword of prayer!

X.

Or if awhile, by aid
Of that all-conquering blade,
We strike him down, and count the conflict done;
And, o'er our tyrant's grave,
Raise the triumphal stave,
For Slavery past, and for Deliverance won—

XI.

Alas, how soon again
The Foe we deemed as slain
Rises to life, more dreadful than before,
Bidding our souls obey,
By right of former sway,
The same relentless bondage as of yore!

XII.

O Lord, whose power alone
The Past and Future own,
Lord of all time, as of the Present hour—
On souls of darkest stain,
Who canst bestow again,
Their virgin whiteness, their Baptismal dower—

XIII.

Though in these later days,
When the world's faith decays,
We may not ask such boundless gifts of grace,
Lavished on them of yore,
Who God Incarnate saw,
And looked with love upon His earthly Face:

XIV.

Yet art Thou ever near,
To help, sustain, and cheer,
Strong though th' Oppressor, Thou art stronger far!
Our feeble hands are vain
Such conflict to maintain,
Come Thou, the battle's Lord, and join our war!

XV.

Thy mighty succour lend,
From the Foe's grasp to rend
Those weapons, by the guilty Past supplied,—
Base thought and dark desire,
Lust's secret smouldering fire,
Our wrath, our hate, our falsehood, and our pride!

XVI.

That, as from day to day
We seek life's sheltered way,
Thy peace may deepen round the paths we tread ;
Each hour that passes by,
Its work and hope supply,
And the Dead Past may sepulchre its Dead !

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

[ST. JOHN, I. 47--49.]

WHO shall ascend the Mount, the rock-built home of Jehovah?
Enter the gates of gold—pass to the Glory within?
They that are clean of hand, of fraud and perjury blameless;
They that are pure in thought; they that are humble of heart.
Such wert thou, meek Saint, by the Jordan's silvery waters,
Who, by thy Philip's side, sought the Redeemer of old.
Saint of the guileless heart, with brow as clear as the morning—

Morning prime, when the sun bursts on the crest of the wave—
Thou, and thou alone, of all Mortality's offspring,
Shrouded in Human Form, couldst the Messiah behold!
Thou, when all else were blind, when Parent, Kinsman, Apostle,
Truth, as under a veil, doubtfully, dimly receiv'd—
When, though Choirs i' the skies had hymn'd His marvellous Advent;
Though from the East, star-led, kings had His cradle ador'd;
Though fierce Spirits of Hell fell down with fearful abasement;
Though the winds and the seas promptly the mandate obey'd;
Though such glory reveal'd of God Incarnate among them,
Had, in all hearts but thine, woke but a tardy belief—
Yea, when John himself, the second greater Elijah,
Greater than all that wore Prophecy's mantle of old,
Many an hour, perplex'd with doubt and mystery, ponder'd,
Till, by the Jordan's side, light on his spirit arose—

Thy clear eye at a glance, by childlike Purity chasten'd,
Pierc'd the veil of the flesh, pierc'd to the glory within!
Such was the priceless gift bright Purity shower'd on her offspring.
Man of the guileless heart, such was thy princely reward!
Purity, fair art thou, Devotion's loveliest handmaid;
Fair are thy locks of gold, crown'd with the pearls of the East!
Clear as a Star thine eye, with inborn Royalty glancing,
Whose calm lustrous gaze nought that is ill can abide.
Each dark Spirit of Hell, Pride, Hate, Impurity, Falsehood,—
Guests which the heart of man shrouds in her hidden abyss,—
Like to the foul night-dreams, when a man from slumber awakens,
Shrink, by the glance of that eye fearfully stricken, away.
Thine is the charm that soothes unconscious Infancy's slumbers,

Thine is the mirth that springs fresh from the heart
of the child.
Thou to their eyes restor'st the primal glories of Eden,
Hues that in after years vainly we seek to recall.
None but have known thee once, the heart's best, earliest
inmate,
They that have lost thee once, lose thee for ever on
earth!
Prayer of the Golden Tongue, that sways the steps of the
Angels,
Pleads with thee but in vain, whispering idly "Return."
Gifts may never avail, nor victims offer atonement,
Nor can a sea of tears cleanse the polluted abode.
Yea, that costliest gem i' the crown of Mercy, Re-
pentance,
Peace may bribe to return—Purity, never again.
Haply they may behold thy cheek with sympathy
moisten'd,
Catch with sorrowful eyes gleams of thy mantle afar:
But thine abandon'd shrine in vain they bid thee revisit.
Ne'er hath thy step been known twice through the
portal to pass.

Ask of the snow, that lies in the mire of the populous highway,
Whose pure vestal attire every foot may defile,
Ask it at eve to resume its robe of maidenly whiteness,
Say, "Be clean, as of old, purge thy pollution away:"
Bid the stream that flows, where the mill, the factory furnace,
By dull vapour of smoke gloomily shrouded, arise:
Bid it again put on its first sweet silvery freshness,
Pure as it erst leap'd forth, forth from the rift of the rock!
From the sullied abyss a deep Voice sadly shall answer,
"Vain, ah vain thy request, Purity comes not again!"

S T. T H O M A S.

[ST. JOHN XI. 7–16; XIV. 4, 5; XX. 24–29.]

I.

THE Twelve were gathered on the Jordan's side,
Around their Lord—each brow was clouded o'er:
Danger and Death too surely they descried,
If He should cross that fatal flood once more.
Scarce had He 'scaped, but now, the rabble's hate,
And would He front their rage, and rush upon His fate?

II.

Saddest of all, desponding Thomas heard
The words of mourning, "Lazarus is dead,
Let us go seek him"—but his grief was stirred
By no rebellious doubt or selfish dread:
From his pale lips there broke the faithful cry,
"Brethren, let us too go, that we with Him may die!"

III.

They went—that journey ended not in woe,
But joy, which heart of man had never shared,
Nor evermore shall share in Earth below—
Corruption from her ghastly feast was scared,
And that wild wish, bereavement hugs in vain,
Became prophetic Truth; and the Dead lived again!

IV.

Again they met, the Paschal board beside,
And, for they knew the Lord's departure near,
"Sorrow had filled their hearts"—in vain He tried,
The Healer of the Soul, their grief to cheer
With those sweet words of solace, which contain
The mourner's only balm, "We part to meet again."

V.

But chief of all, the gloom on Thomas fell,
Through whose dark folds no comfort he discerned;
Listless he heard the Great Consoler tell
Of the bright Heav'nward Way, already learned;
"Nay, Lord," he cried, in bitter sadness, "nay,
We know not where Thou go'st, how should we know
the way?"

VI.

Forth to His hour of suffering Jesus passed,
Again the journey ended not in woe;
But Joy and Triumph greater than the last.
A mightier Hand struck down the Common Foe;
Death's broken chains were scattered to the wind,
And Heaven's eternal gates flung open to mankind!

VII.

Yet when the Resurrection morning came,
And all, save Thomas, saw the Saviour stand
In Form and Stature visibly the same;
Heard his loved Voice; and grasped His living Hand;
Th' Apostle's heart such joy could not receive,
Nor, till his eyes confirmed the tale, would he believe.

VIII.

Not till the Lord Himself the doubt dispelled;
Not till He bade His servant mark, and see
The prints where agonizing nails had held
His bleeding Body to th' accursed Tree;
Not till the pierced and yawning Side He showed
Through which the Blood, whose waste redeemed the
World, had flowed.

IX.

Then on his darkened eye the light was poured,
Then joy unmeasured woke within his breast,
Then his exulting tongue confessed his Lord
The Very God of Gods—and though less blessed
Than he whose faith, unaided, had achieved
The truth not yet revealed, who saw not, yet believed—

X.

Yet surely blessed ; for we may well surmise
Thenceforth Distrust his soul for ever fled ;
Thenceforth, though Sorrow might obscure the skies,
Doubt's gloomier cloud could never overspread.
High o'er this Earth's dank mists, and sullen shades,
Love reached that hour the heights, where Sunlight never fades.

XI.

And the brief record, Inspiration's pen,—
That chronicles the frailties of the Saint,
As of the Sinner—has bequeathed to men,
Remains to comfort those whose hearts are faint,
As that Apostle's in his earlier years,
Who reaped in joy untold, what erst he sowed in tears !

XII.

For there are still, whose love can all things bear,
But all things cannot hope, nor all believe;
Whose gloomy faith, twin sister of Despair,
Deems grief as sure, but joy must needs deceive;
Beneath the chastening Rod, who bow resigned,
But to the Father's Hand, that freely gives, are blind!

XIII.

Yet wherefore? Is the cup of Life so pure,
That we refuse her sweetest draughts to taste?
Is earthly bliss so precious, or so sure,
Of Heaven's own joys as justifies the waste?
Can that be Love that dare not trust its Friend?
Or Faith, in present grief, that looks not to the End?

XIV.

They shared His triumph, who had shared His woe,
His bliss partook, who drank His cup of Pain:
Then wherefore deem, in this our life below,
Joy must depart, but Sorrow shall remain?
Rouse up thy drooping heart, sad Spirit, learn
Henceforth a wiser creed—a happier hope discern!

XV.

Life hath her hours of sunshine as of shade;
Oft the Good Shepherd will His nurslings lead,
By mountain stream, and daisy broidered glade,
To sheltered vales, where they may safely feed:
And still, with loving eye beholds them share
Sweet rest and pasture green, beneath His guardian care.

XVI.

And the sweet buds that blossom by the way,
He will not chide that we account them fair,
So only that they tempt us not to stray,
Or seek the place of our abiding there:
And, in the beauty of the wayside flowers,
Forget the Home beyond, forget th' Eternal Bowers!

S T. M A T T H E W.

[ST. MATT. IX. 9.]

I.

At his desk, one summer morn,
Matthew sate, the Lake beside,
Keen his look and business-worn,
As his daily task he plied.

II.

Round his seat the tide of Life
Ebbed and flowed, confusedly blent:
Grave debate with clamorous strife,
Laughter mingled with lament.

III.

Sudden, in a Voice unknown,
From the crowd that thronged the quay,
Came, with deep and solemn tone,
This brief sentence, "Follow Me!"

IV.

Strangely on his ear they ring,
Those few words; but as he heard,
Instant some mysterious spring
Deep within his soul was stirred.

V.

Strange the words, nor seem to suit
With that busy hour and place;
And his gaze, in wonder mute,
Turns upon the Speaker's Face.

VI.

One brief moment; 'twas a Face
Never seen, he thought, till then:
Neither comeliness nor grace
Marked It from the throng of men.

VII.

Coarse the garb the Stranger wears,
Coarse, and stained with travel's soil:
And the Form it mantles, bears
Trace of penury and toil.

VIII.

Meaner even than his own,
Sure His calling and degree.
Whence the warrant of His tone,
His high summons, "Follow Me"?

IX.

Such his thought—the question hung
On his lips a moment's space;
But it died upon his tongue,
As he looked upon that Face.

X.

Mighty was the change it wrought,
One brief glance, in Matthew's breast;
Yea, an age of solemn thought
In that moment was compressed.

XI.

Then, as one whose purpose sure—
Cherished in his heart of hearts—
Longer stay may not endure,
Grave he rises, and departs.

XII.

Through the crowds amazed that stand,
And along the cumbered quay;
Heeding nought but that command,
That high summons, "Follow Me!"

XIII.

So upon his way he wends,
That shall know no resting, save
Where the longest journey ends,
At the threshold of the Grave!

XIV.

By Capernaum's stately towers,
Over rugged mountain steeps;
Where the thronging Million pours;
Where the voiceless Desert sleeps.

XV.

Through the sorrows, gathering still
Daily deeper round his path;
Hatred's sting, Desertion's chill,
Man's neglect, and scorn, and wrath;

XVI.

Unto Earth's remotest land,
Far beyond the cheerless sea—
Heeding nought but that command,
That high summons, "Follow Me!"

XVII.

Had he paused when first he heard
Jesus' voice that summer day,
And with heart of flesh conferred,
If to follow, or to stay,

XVIII.

Scarce methinks he had foregone
All, to follow Him alone;
Scarce the Martyr's robe put on,
Scarce have filled the Apostle's throne!

XIX.

Lord, how oft Thy Voice, of old
Heard beside the silver lake,
Thrills on hearts estranged and cold,
Saying, "Rise, the world forsake."

XX.

'Mid the City's strife of sound,
Ceaseless as the ocean's swell—
In the solitude profound
Of the midnight student's cell—

XXI.

Or in Fashion's gilded halls,
  Rich with pomp, and loud with glee—
Oft upon the ear it falls,
  That same summons, "Follow Me!"

XXII.

But we pause awhile, to weigh
  Heavenly gain 'gainst earthly loss,
And we drop, while we delay,
  From our nerveless hands the Cross.

XXIII.

So full oft we fail to reap
  His unmeasured gain, who bought,
For the dross we cannot keep,
  Wealth beyond the miser's thought.

XXIV.

Lord, we know—Thy gracious call
Though our madness will not heed—
When the hour of night shall fall,
Mercy's self must cease to plead.

XXV.

Teach us, ere our day be past,
All Thou lov'st not, to resign :
That our rebel hearts, at last,
Thine may be, and only Thine ;

XXVI.

That when our long-mouldered dust
Unto life renewed shall be—
At the rising of the Just
We may wake "to follow Thee."

ST. JAMES THE LESS.

[ST. MATT. XII. 46—50; GAL. I. 19.]

I.

"Break off Thy speech—behold, without they wait,
Thy mother and Thy brethren at the gate,
With prayers and tears they summon Thee away.
Deep are the mysteries that Thy words disclose,
Sweet is the Wisdom from Thy lip that flows,
But who are we, that we should bid Thee stay?"

II.

The Saviour looked around, on many a face
Where new-born thoughts left visibly their trace—
On brow of Boyhood, seldom grave before—
On the world-hardened cheek and scornful eye,
Whose fount of tears, so many a winter dry,
That hour had felt the softening gush once more.

III.

He pointed to the throng with outstretched hand,
Then calm replied, "Behold them where they stand;
My brothers, sisters, mother, these alone.
For they, whoe'er shall hearken and fulfil
Of human kind My Heavenly Father's will,
Are the true kindred whom the Son shall own."

IV.

'Mid the vast audience one was present there,
But lately called the Apostle's trust to bear,
By ties of lineage to his Lord most near—
How throbbed his heart, that answer as he heard!
How oft returned each well-remembered word
In after-hours, like music, on his ear!

V.

Blest was his lot, transcending earthly praise,
His, in the Virgin Church's golden days,
To sit the highest at her council-board:
By many a title honoured and approved,
But most by that—the title that he loved,
The few sweet words, "the brother of the Lord."

VI.

Others, as near in Friendship's bonds, or blood,
Like him beside the Saviour's cradle stood,
And watched the wondrous Babe with thoughtful eyes—
How through His childish talk the light divine
Would ofttimes flash, like streaks of fire that shine
Through the pale twilight of the northern skies.

VII.

Others had marked His walk of life unstained;
Boyhood's pure shrine by Passion unprofaned;
The heart, with Earth's most sweet affections warm;
The soul, that seemed on higher themes intent;
The firm and chastened will, already bent
His Father's work thus early to perform.

VIII.

Yet, when the years of patient waiting spent,
Forth to His harvest-field the Preacher went,
Unnumbered signs they scorned or they forgot:
Yea, when His Father's kingdom to proclaim,
With hand of might and tongue of fire, He came
Unto His own, His own received Him not!

IX.

They closed their ears to truths that strangers prized,
His power they mocked, His mercy they despised,
Entreaty, warning, threat alike were vain.
Scorn grew to hatred—till, with saddened heart,
From the loved spot He turned Him to depart,
Nor e'er beheld His childhood's haunts again.

X.

Not thus with James—what though by nature's tie
Kinsman of Him, for Whom to live and die
Was Life's one task, its hope and its reward?—
By many a holier title may he claim,
Than Earth can give or take away, the name,
So justly dear, "the brother of the Lord."

XI.

Brother in love to souls for whom he toiled;
Brother in purity of heart unsoiled;
In pains he bore, in mighty works he wrought;
Brother in all that kindred hearts approve,
And by the last and dearest bond of love,
The Martyr's witness to the truths they taught!

XII.

O joyful thought!—full well we know, that ne'er
It can be ours their happy lot to share,
Who, when Life's desert the Redeemer trod,
Beheld the marvellous Child, the holy Boy,
The perfect Man in sorrow and in joy—
Our Flesh, yet faultless in the sight of God!

XIII.

Never again shall woman's arms enfold
The Saviour's Human Form, as she of old
Beyond Earth's daughters so supremely blest;
No sorrowing penitents shall clasp His feet;
No loved disciples, in communion sweet,
Shall lean their heads upon His loving breast.

XIV.

But all mankind may be His kindred still,
His brethren, sisters, mother, if they will,
By holier claim and more enduring tie;
Not less His eye their life on earth surveys,
Not less He meets them in their daily ways,
Than when discernible by outward eye.

XV.

They were as we, and we as they, are weak;
They sought His face, and we His face may seek;
We too to Him our hopes and fears impart;
May clasp His knees in penitential prayer,
Lean on His breast in Sorrow's hour, and there
Hear His sweet Voice speak comfort to the heart!

XVI.

Still as of old His wants we may relieve—
His mourners cheer; His homeless poor receive—
To darkened lands dispense His Living Word:
By such blest works, which not on earth alone,
But in the dread Hereafter He shall own,
May be as James, "the brothers of the Lord."

S T. J U D E.

[ST. JOHN, XIV. 22, 23.]

I.

In reverent order ranged around their Lord,
The Twelve were gathered in that upper room;
The Cup of Blessing gleamed upon the board,
And glittering lamps the Paschal Feast illume;
That Feast, the crown of all the festal year;—
But nought of festal gladness might you hear,
Silent each lip, on every brow was gloom;
For that loved Voice, the Voice that could not lie,
Spake of the parting hour, and told them it was nigh.

II.

But, even as He warned them they must part,
He marked the grief that they would fain subdue;
John's wistful glance, and Peter's saddened heart,
Which for itself nor fear nor sorrow knew:
Awhile He paused, that suffering might perform
Its holy work, then while each heart was warm,
Again He spake, and now the theme was new.
No more of parting, but of union, won
With God the Father's self, through Him, the Eternal Son.

III.

He told them of the rest prepared above,
The many mansions of His Father's home;
To which, adorned and hallowed by His love,
They the true children of His Cross should come:
He told them of the way that thither led;
Himself the Living Way that they must tread:
He told how prayer the Angels' ladder clomb,
Which thenceforth, offered in His Name divine,
Should reach the Heaven of Heavens, and pierce the inmost shrine.

IV.

Thus, on Death's further shores, by faith and prayer
The soul His nearer Presence might attain,
Yet not deferred till then that boon to share,
Yea in this earth such union it might gain.
For—whom Himself should send—the Spirit blessed
Should dwell in every heart, a Kingly Guest,
Source of all light, and solace of all pain—
Through whom the Father, to the world unknown,
Should be to faithful souls in all His Brightness shown.

V.

With rapt attention on His lips they hung,
His lips, who spake as mortal never spake:
What marvel that the mighty Preacher's tongue
The secret echoes of all hearts should wake?
Yet doubt and mystery mingled as they heard,
With the deep joy that every bosom stirred—
How should He still be nigh, who should forsake?
Though trumpet-like in every ear it rung,
Uncertain was the sound, and couched in stranger tongue.

VI.

Thereat a young Apostle—one who chose
A lower seat at his Redeemer's board,
Yet by the ties alike of blood, and those
More near than blood, the Kinsman of the Lord—
Lifting his voice, a voice not often heard
In that companionship, his doubt preferred,
That light on this dark riddle might be poured,
How from the world the Lord should be concealed,
Yet to His Own stand forth in clearest light revealed?

VII.

For he with strangest phantasies imbued,
Dreamed of the advent of a warrior king,
Girt with Heaven's sword, with garments rolled in blood,
Dreadful as the Destroying Angel's wing—
Who Judah's battled sons should marshal forth
Against the startled nations of the earth;
Wide to the winds the Lion standard fling;
Trampling the hosts of Rome beneath His feet,
To rear on Sion's hills the world's Imperial Seat.

VIII.

The Saviour read his thoughts, and His reply
Chid gently that strange darkness of the mind,
That nought discerning, save with fleshly eye,
To God's true light within the soul was blind.
The Sword, the Standard, the Triumphal Throne
Were but the shadows of His greatness, thrown
Across the darkened senses of mankind:
But who would pierce the Veil's most secret fold,
Him that is Spirit all, by Spirit must behold.

IX.

But love, that would obey the will divine,
With larger gift of love should be supplied:
Making each heart a consecrated shrine,
Wherein the holiest Presence might reside.
There should the Father dwell, and there the Son,
There should the Quickening Spirit—Three in One.
Thus as the years of trial onward glide,
Bright and more bright the light within should burn,
And the regenerate soul its Maker's Face discern.

X.

Yet vainly, as He spake, the listener strove
To grasp the purport of each solemn word,
How should he understand? the enlightening Dove
Not yet the gift of Knowledge had conferred.
Not yet the Steward's Golden Key was given,
That should unlock the hidden things of Heaven.
Yet his remembrance treasured what he heard;
As one who hoards a gem of worth unknown,
Which, in an after-day, a goodly price may own.

XI.

Years passed—the Church her deep foundations laid;
Beside all waters was the Gospel sown:
In every tongue, to every clime conveyed,
The Saviour's Name rose upward to the Throne.
Dark days of suffering came for Jesus' sake,
The lion's fang, the sword, the cross, the stake—
And far and wide the Martyr's Trump was blown.
But Jude, though Sun might shine, or Tempest low'r,
Kept in his heart of hearts the promise of that hour.

XII.

And the brief Scripture which he left behind,
Unstable man may strengthen and console:
Telling how that, to which he once was blind,
Was now the stay and comfort of his soul;
Telling how He, the only Wise, imparts
The light of love to all obedient hearts;
From leprosy of sin shall make them whole,
And shall present them, purified by grace,
Yea, with exceeding joy, before His Father's face.

ST. SIMON THE CANAANITE.

[ST. MATTHEW X. 4.]

I.

"CHILDREN of My love, who long
Toil and pain with Me have known—
Rouse your hearts, be firm and strong,
Ye must learn to work alone;
In this earth's unkindly soil
Who would reap, themselves must toil!

II.

" Lo ! the powers that I have swayed,
I commit them to your trust,
Speak, and ye shall be obeyed,
Wake to life the buried dust ;
Quell the demons, work the cure,
Preach the Kingdom to the poor !

III.

" Yet because your souls are sad
For the perils of the way ;
Ye shall not the task be bade
Single-handed to essay ;
Each his anxious heart shall calm,
Leaning on a brother's arm.

IV.

" Linked in love I send ye forth,
Linked in love ye shall return;
Strengthened by the ties of earth,
Your diviner office learn.
Learn to labour, and to teach;
Help and comfort, each to each."

V.

So, from soft Gennesar's wave,
Sallied forth that chosen few,
Hosts of banded foes to brave,
So their maiden swords they drew:
Whom the final Trump should find
More than conquerors of mankind!

VI.

First were marshalled they, whose names
  Nature for that union claimed:
Andrew, Peter—Jude and James;
  And the Twain of Thunder named.
Hallowing thus the ties of blood
By that holier brotherhood.

VII.

Next, whom friendship's bond endears,
  Philip by Nathanael's side;
Thomas, whose desponding fears
  Matthew's firmer faith might chide.
On their mission ten have passed—
Two remain unto the last.

VIII.

In the sunset's crimson light,
Lo, at Jesus' feet they kneel:
One, the spotless Canaanite,
Marked for love and saintly zeal,
In the saintliest band that e'er
One high purpose joined to share.

IX.

By his side the child of Doom,
'Mid the blessèd all unblest;
Shrouding, 'neath his brow of gloom,
That dark secret in his breast,
To no other bosom known,
Yea, but dimly to his own!

X.

But though Satan's subtlest art
All from human eyes concealed,
To his Lord the Traitor's heart
Lay in clearest light revealed;
Each dark turn and secret nook,
As to man the written book.

XI.

Well He knew that, peril near,
Who on him for help relied,
Would but find him, as the spear,
Piercing his unguarded side.
In the hours of rest, a snare:
In the strife, a heart of hare.

XII.

High, methinks, his courage rose,
Who that dangerous path could dare.
Whom Almighty Wisdom chose,
Such companionship to share!
Sure, of all that dauntless throng,
Strongest he, where all were strong!

XIII.

Yet of him—whom Angel eyes;
Yea, God's Angels, pure and bright—
Shall behold above them rise,
Crowned and garmented with light,
On his Resurrection Throne—
What have after ages known!

XIV.

Who the story shall relate,
How his glorious task was done?
Where and what his final fate?
Was the Martyr's garland won?
Or did loved and honoured age
Close the peaceful pilgrimage?

XV.

All is wrapped in mystery's veil;
Pedants on the theme dispute;
Fancy lists the legend's tale;
But the voice of Truth is mute.
We, of time, may know no more,
Save the Zealot's name he bore.

XVI.

What is human History's worth?—
In her rolls a place to win,
How the insects of this earth
Strive and suffer, toil and sin!
Blessed, if she their names record,
Her applause their rich reward!

XVII.

Yet her most enduring praise
Is but perishable dust:
And her page its source betrays,
Dark with blood, and foul with lust.
Small, methinks, the loss, though ne'er
Name of mine be written there!

XVIII.

But that Book, of hope and dread,
Writ by Truth's eternal pen:
From whose pages shall be read
All the secret lives of men;
When, before the Judgment Throne,
Man shall know as he is known.

XIX.

In the leaf that shall record—
What no lore of earth supplied—
How the Zealot, for his Lord,
Toiled and suffered, lived and died:
All his tale of glory, told
There in characters of gold!—

XX.

Few though they of all mankind—
All that throng the Judgment Hall—
Worthy there their names to find,
And though I the least of all—
In that page, a single line,
Through Thy mercy, Lord, be mine!

ST. MATTHIAS.

[ACTS I. 15—25.]

I.

THE Twelve Apostles of the Lord,
How blest their lot of all mankind!
On them how rich the gifts He poured,
The Power to loose, and Power to bind!
To what high office called!—to sow
The Gospel seed in earth below;
And, in the lustre of His love,
Like lights to shine in Heaven above!

II.

But in that group, most radiant far
Of all that gem the Church's sky,
Fallen from its dazzling height, a Star
E'en now has left a void on high!
The Twelfth Apostle's throne behold
Vacant in Zion's Courts of gold!
And he who should have sate thereon,
"Unto his own sad place" is gone.

III.

And who is he of human kind
Worthy to mount that kingly seat,
His part and lot with them to find,
And make the mystic tale complete?
He may decide, whose piercing Eye
The heart's deep secrets can descry,
Who knows by surest signs His own—
He may decide, and He alone.

IV.

This only clear—such lofty place
For those alone has been prepared,
Who have beheld their Master's Face,
And all His earthly sojourn shared ;
Whose eyes have marked the Signs He wrought ;
Whose ears have drunk the truths He taught ;
Whose own eye-witness can disclose
How Jesus died, and Jesus rose.

V.

Lo, in their upper chamber met,
Th' Eleven with jealous heed inquire,
Despite that searching test, who yet
To their high brotherhood aspire.
Who aye had walked the Lord beside,
From the first hour by Jordan's tide ;
Had watched His Cross—beheld Him rise
In glory through the Summer skies !

VI.

The quest is made—but two can claim
Such title to the Steward's trust:
The first, a loved and honoured name,
Joses, of men surnamed the Just,
A glorious title, sooth,—the meed
Of holy speech and saintly deed;
By those bestowed, themselves who trod
Faithful and firm the ways of God.

VII.

No titled name the second bears;
Matthias called; a spirit meek:
Not oft his brethren's thought he shares,
Nor oftener wont his own to speak;
Content, if such his Master's will,
The humblest service to fulfil;
Content to leave each higher place
For worthier souls than his to grace.

VIII.

The lots are cast into the urn—
"Whom Thou hast chosen, Lord, make clear!"
His bosom cannot choose but burn
With mingled awe, and hope, and fear.
Though few of those assembled there,—
In that first Christian House of Prayer—
And haply he the least of all,
Deem that the choice on him can fall.

IX.

The lot leaps forth—the precious prize
Is his—the measureless reward!
Of least esteem in human eyes,—
Not such the judgment of his Lord.
But as of one, whose quiet heart
In secret chose the better part;
Nor in its lowly choice had guessed,
That part was so divinely blessed!

X.

And thus, methinks, in earlier hours,
When, some long day of travel o'er,
The halt was made, by Sharon's bowers,
Or on Gennesar's garden shore ;
When they, the chosen of the Lord,
With Him sate round the frugal board ;
To list the Voice, whose accents dear
Were Angel's music in each ear.

XI.

His eye would sometimes turn apart,
From those who gathered round His feet,
Where sate alone that humble heart,
Nor sought to fill a nearer seat.
Pleased as He thought the spirit meek,
That thus the lowest place could seek,
Would, in His own good time, assume
In Earth and Heaven, the highest room.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

The Founder's Day.

I.

'Tis Winton's day of solemn state,
To Wykeham's memory consecrate:
Her scattered sons from far she calls
Once more to tread her ancient halls;
To cast, upon their Founder's day,
The weary load of years away;
And breathe again, for that brief time,
The freshness of their boyhood's prime.

The morning bells have chimed to prayer,
In the old order, two and two,

The youthful throng that worships there
Has passed the reverend portal through;
And through the gorgeous Eastern pane,
The Summer Sun looks down again
Upon the well-remembered show,
That decks the crowded aisle below—
On Boyhood's glowing cheek and eye,
Open and clear as morning sky:—
On Youth, in all its flush of prime,
Life's fairest, freshest, goodliest time—
On forms by years and labours bowed,
Strange contrast to that boyish crowd!
Men, it may be, whose steps have gained
The loftiest heights by worth attained;
Whose names, to England justly dear,
Ring like a trump in every ear;
'Mid joyous urchins, in whose eyes
No palm transcends the schoolboy's prize!

Yet the same thoughts and feelings sway
Boyhood, and Youth, and Age to-day:

For cares of State and dreams of Pride
Within these walls are cast aside ;
And all are Wykeham's sons once more,
As true and guileless as of yore.
The heirship of his mighty name
Makes old and young in heart the same.
And almost could their fancy feign,
That, as they kneel where then they knelt,
Relenting Time had given again
The lightsome step, the bounding vein,
Which in those vanished years they felt.
It is a goodly scene, in sooth,
Not less to manhood dear than youth.
The record of an age, whose gloom
Tradition's lamp may scarce illume,
All idly deemed, in modern time,
An age of ignorance and crime—
The scene which oft, in days of yore,
Loyal of heart our fathers saw—
The which unaltered to the last,
Ages unborn shall yet renew,

If to the memory of the Past
We and our children prove as true.

The chaunt is hushed; and on the ear
The reader's voice sounds full and clear;
And those old words the echoes wake,
Which the wise Son of Sirach spake—
The grand old words, that tell the praise
"Of famous men in ancient days:
Who wisely ruled, or bravely fought,
By whom the Lord His glory wrought:
Whose burning tongue, or powerful pen,
Swayed in their hour the souls of men:
Who sweetly touched the minstrel's lyre,
Or woke its chords to words of fire:
Whose names, with deathless honours crowned,
On human lips shall ever sound:
Awakening to their note sublime
The echoes of all after time!
Or those whose glory, like the wind,
That fleets, and leaves no trace behind,

To all remembrance lost, is e'en
As though their glory had not been."
Cold were the heart for whom that hour
Had no sweet spell, no quickening power;
And on that evening, as I strayed,
Beneath the Cloister's hoary shade,
When "summer's twilight" 'gan to gloam,
To hear the old "sweet song of home,"
Back on my thoughts those words returned,
At sight of that exulting throng;
Like fire within my soul they burned,
And shaped its fancies into song.

The Glories of Wykeham.

"THERE are among the sons of men," the wise old Hebrew said,
"Whose memory, like the forms they wore, is numbered with the dead.
Whose names, though foremost in the throng that trod with them the scene,
In after ages have become as they had never been."

But Thou—thy memory doth not die, the magic of thy name
Lives on, where all things else decay, the same, and still the same.
While thrones are crumbled into dust, and earth's profoundest schemes
Pass with their founders into nought, as pass the morning dreams;
While laws that were a nation's life, grow obsolete and strange,
While ancient things are hurried down the ceaseless tide of change;
The fire that in thy children's hearts, thou in thy day didst light,
Brightly and pure as first it burned, still burns as pure and bright.
As in the Grecian games of old, through all the festal band,
The sacred Torch, with light unquenched, was passed from hand to hand;
So darting on from age to age, the never-dying flame
Glows in the bosoms of thy sons, the same, and still the same;

And Time, that bursts the mightiest bonds that earth can
forge, in twain,
But weaves new hearts, to form the links of that perennial
chain!

II.

The noblest names of England's rolls, on which she loves
to dwell;
Which are, to each true English heart, a watchword and
a spell—
Who bore her flag through storms of fight, who swayed
her helm of state,
Drank at thy fountain of the draught, that made their
Manhood great!
Through noontide years of noble toil, in Age's calm
decline,
With moistened eye, and kindling voice, they told that
they were thine.
They loved across the track of years, the backward glance
to cast;
Through memory's softening haze, to catch sweet glimpses
of the Past.

To borrow back the golden rays from life's unclouded rise,
Illuming with those radiant hues their Manhood's darker skies.
Yea, oft when on the shattered frame a weary sickness stole;
When the world's shadow, dark and cold, fell on the drooping soul—
Amid the dreary waste of life, its trials and its woes,
A fount of freshness in the heart, their Boyhood's memory rose!

III.

Oh surely in that solemn hour, to thee so long delayed,
When to the ripened corn at length the Reaper's hand was laid;
The hour that strips the baubles off to which our weakness clings,
When the stern touch of Death assays the worth of human things—
If aught of all that thou hadst known, or loved on earth, could share

With thoughts of Judgment and the Grave, in thy departing prayer!
Thy wish would sure have been that thus thy cherished work might stand,
Outspreading, like some stately tree, its branches through the land!
That where in life thy knee was bent, thy children still might bend,
Their hope, their creed, their heart the same, unchanging to the end!
That still thy memory might have power, like some proud battle-cry,
To bring the flush to Boyhood's cheek, the fire to Age's eye.
That on their lips, and in their hearts, the magic of thy name
Should live when all things else decay—THE SAME AND STILL THE SAME!

THE GRAVE

OF THE AUTHOR

OF "THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS."

I.

Upon the shores of that sweet Isle
Where Summer wears her softest smile—
That Southern Isle, where, long delayed,
The Roman's parting steps were stayed—
'Mid hills with heather crowned, that rise
Far upward through the peaceful skies;
Whose guardian care would fain exclude
Each footstep, that might else intrude
From out the common world of men—
There lies a deep sequestered glen.

II.

Beside the path that downward strays,
Through many a wild and tangled maze—
Embowered in trees, whose shadow falls
So gently on those hoary walls—
Gray with its load of countless years,
The ancient Church its front uprears.
Within is stillness hushed, profound,
Solemn as theirs that slumber round:
Save that, from Ocean's ceaseless flow,
A murmur rises, deep and low.

III.

Along that steep and winding way
They bore thee on a winter's day;
Where oft in life thy steps had passed,
Each Sabbath feebler than the last.
The sadness of the earth and air
That hour of mourning seemed to share:
As underneath the peaceful shade
Of those time-hallowed walls we laid
Thy mortal part, in solemn trust,
To wait the Rising of the Just!

IV.

We sought not o'er thy tomb to raise
The pomp of monumental praise:
For the true honours of the dead
Are the warm tears we freely shed.
And such parade of earthly pride
Had memory, meek as thine, belied.
One record there—the first, the last,
The only record of the past,
Thy humble heart might not disown—
We laid—a simple cross of stone.

V.

When steals across the twilight gray
The first faint tinge of early day;
When Ocean's morning breezes bring
Freshness and health upon their wing,
And earth awakens, bright and young,
As into life when first she sprung—
At that glad hour, the watchful eye
May, by the gathering light, descry
The sacred Emblem faintly throw
Its Shadow on the Tomb below.

VI.

Most meet that emblem—thus with thee,
Yea 'mid thy very childhood's glee,
Who watched that childhood's hours, might trace
The Spirit's growth of early grace:
In meek obedience promptly shown;
In reverent look, and thoughtful tone;
In gentle smiles, and loving tears;
And thoughts that seemed of graver years—
Might well divine, that tender shoot
Would one day bear immortal fruit!

VII.

When noon, with dazzling strength arrayed,
Weaves her rich robe of light and shade;
When skies their gorgeous tints endue,
And the blue wave its deepest blue;
When crowded mart, and jostling street,
Echo the tramp of busy feet;
And every sound of earth and air,
Tells but of worldly toil and care:—
Then, clear and sharp, upon the stone,
The outline of the Cross is thrown

VIII.

So, when thy noon of life was high,
And not a cloud obscured the sky;
The Preacher famed, the Scholar proved,
Honoured, and courted, and beloved;
Thine every thought and act obeyed
The holy law thy steps that swayed;
In will subdued, and self denied,
And purest pleasures cast aside;—
That thou His portion might partake,
Who suffered all things for our sake.

IX.

When from the wave the chiller blast
Declares the hours of sunshine past;
And the gay tints that decked the day,
In sullen twilight melt away:
When evening's shadows, cold and drear,
Tell of decay and darkness near:
Then, 'mid the ever deepening gloom,
Still rests the Shadow on the Tomb,—
Till the last gleam of lingering light
Fades from the sky, and all is night!

X.

True emblem still—when trial came
Upon thy mid-career of fame:
When wasting sickness tried thee sore,
And life's bright skies were clouded o'er:
Unwavering faith could yet sustain
Long years of loneliness and pain:—
Could cheer the drooping soul, and shed
Its brightness round the suffering bed;
And bid the weary struggle cease,
With the sweet words, "Depart in peace!"

XI.

Then rest thee here, so fitly laid
Beneath the Cross's sheltering shade;
True soldier, who didst bear the brunt
So nobly in the battle's front:
Rest, though above thy quiet grave,
The battle-storms more fiercely rave;
Where, sore outnumbered, and beset,
The Church maintains the conflict yet:
Rest, till the Judgment-Trumpet's tone
Proclaim at last her victory won!

XII.

When, at that signal, on the midnight skies,
Sudden and bright th' Eternal Morn shall rise:
When Sin shall cease, and Sorrow's fount be stay'd,
And Hope itself shall in fruition fade:
Then shall the Cross that, in this weary war,
Had been the sign each faithful warrior bore;
The Cross, that aye its shade of sadness flings
On this world's purest joys and holiest things—
Shine in the fulness of the perfect day,
And the dark Shadow pass in Light away.

TO A LADY.

I.

Oh, fair beyond my fancy's dream,
Whose pensive brow and starlike eyes,
As tideless waters tranquil seem,
And soft as Southern midnight skies!

II.

The fairest face, when thou art nigh—
How poor a rival it would prove;
That ever charmed a Painter's eye,
Or woke the fires of earthly love!

III.

And yet I knew thee many a year,
Nor e'er thy loveliness confessed;
Thy voice oft sounded in mine ear,
Yet woke no echo in my breast.

IV.

For not in tresses raven-hued;
Nor in the calm of hazel eye;
Nor form, in Nature's happiest mood
Refined to faultless symmetry;

V.

Nor in the voice that, sweet and low,
Is woman's grace that most excels;
Nor, sooth, in aught of outward show,
The secret of thy beauty dwells.

VI.

He only who hath learned to trace
The secret workings of the heart,
When gazing on thine earthly face,
May feel how beautiful thou art.

VII.

For in that truer light displayed,
The glances in thine eye that speak—
The mingled hues of sun and shade,
That pass across thy changing cheek—

VIII.

Are full of loveliness, that tells
Their Heavenly Source, none else may know—
The chastened will, that passion quells,
The heart of love, the mind of snow.

IX.

Who hath the master-key that opes
  Thy secret soul, to others sealed?
To him a thousand holy hopes
  Are in thine upward look revealed.

X.

Thy brow the faithful record bears
  Of conquest o'er temptation's wile;
Of all kind thoughts, and loving prayers,
  A very chronicle thy smile!

XI.

And thus upon the gentle face
  Of old I scarce accounted fair,
The look divine I faintly trace
  The Angel shall hereafter wear!

THE SONG OF THE SYRENS.

I.

It was broad of noon on the Grecian seas;
In the sky not a cloud, in the air not a breeze;
The waves of the blue Ionian deep
In the glow of the sunshine lay half asleep;
As they lazily rose, and sleepily fell,
Heaving with soft voluptuous swell;
And lapping, with murmur faint and low,
The Syrens' Isle, with its sands of snow.

II.

The bark of Ulysses came gliding by;
Weary the task that the rowers ply;
For to each sweet sound through the air that steals,
The deadening wax their senses seals;
Save the leader alone, who, fettered fast
With gyves of steel to the galley's mast,
Gazed where the Isle, 'mid the purple deep,
Arose, like a Dream from the womb of Sleep.

III.

There sate three Forms on the snow-white sand;
A lute each held in her fair right hand;
All around them, the shelving shores were spread
With ghastly remains of unburied dead:
The bones bleached white by so many a sun;
The corpse that had breathed but an hour agone;
And the festering heap, at whose foul decay
The boldest had trembled and turned away.
But the Chief, as he gazed on the shelving shore,
Saw the three fair Forms, and he saw no more.

IV.

Radiant and lustrous their beauty seemed,
Such as sight ne'er shaped, nor hath fancy dreamed.
The brightest and fairest of ancient days,
Whose charms are the theme of immortal lays,
Whose loveliness lured from their thrones on high
The Sovereign Lords of the Earth and Sky:
And the bliss divine of their love that shared,
Were lifeless and cold, when with these compared.

V.

They touched their lutes, and a wondrous spell
Over sea and land in an instant fell.
The rustle of leaves into stillness died;
Into stillness the plash of the rippling tide:
It seemed as if, hushed by that signal sweet,
The pulses of Nature had ceased to beat:
And feeling and thought, in the tide of sound,
Like rills in a torrent, were lost and drowned.

VI.

Sweet as is sleep, in the pause of pain,
To the fevered brow and the burning vein—
Sweet as the fountain's first cool taste
To the wanderer's lip in the desert waste—
Sweet as the voice, to the lover's ear,
Of her that his soul doth account most dear;
Which tells him of doubt and of coldness past,
And that she that he loves is his own at last;—
Came the sound of that strain on the listener's ear,
From the Syrens' Isle, as the bark drew near.

VII.

The deeds he had wrought on the Trojan shore—
The seas and the lands he had wandered o'er—
The home far-off that, with every year
Of exile and sorrow, had grown more dear—
The passionate hope of his wife's embrace—
The memory dim of his boy's young face—
Like a breath from a mirror, have passed away
At the first sweet sound of that wondrous lay!

VIII.

"Oh tarry, Ulysses! O tarry awhile!
No bark ever sails by the Syrens' Isle;
But the mariner turns him aside, to cheer,
With the charm of our numbers, his listening ear.
Oh tarry awhile! for thy weary head
Of asphodel flowers hath a couch been spread:
And the voice of the song, in our bowers of ease,
Shall yield thee repose from the restless seas.

IX.

"Yet deem not thou we would seek to twine
The flowers of sense round a soul like thine:
Nor count thee as one of the baser kind,
To the perishing hopes of this earth confined:
Thy praises have rung, with a trumpet tone,
Through every land where renown is known;
Glorious in war, and beloved in peace,
The wisest and best of the sons of Greece!

X.

"Oh tarry awhile! it is ours to rehearse
The deeds of the great in immortal verse:
To sing how the flash of thy warrior sword
Oft scattered in terror the Dardan horde;
How thine eloquent tongue could the soul enthral,
When the kings had assembled in council hall;
How the bravest would follow the path of thy blade;
How thou spak'st but the word, and the wisest obeyed!

XI.

"Oh! wilt thou not hearken?—Thy fancy to please,
We have strains that are sweeter and dearer than these.
The truest art thou of the faithful and true;
No pleasure can tempt thee; no pain can subdue!
We will tell of the love thou hast cherished unchanged,
Which time has not chilled, nor has absence estranged;
The love which Immortals have laboured to gain
By softest allurements, but ever in vain!

XII.

"We will sing of that Isle that is rugged and steep,
But the softest to thee on the face of the deep;
Of the youths that it nurtures, the hardy and brave;
And its maidens, the fairest that dwell by the wave.
We will sing of the home thou rememberest yet;
Of the sire that has mourned thee, but could not forget;
Of the bride that has kept, in the bloom of her years,
The faith that at parting she vowed through her tears;
Of the son that thou left'st, in his infancy then,
Now bearded and stately, the leader of men.

XIII.

"Oh tarry, thou cold one! we yet can impart
What is dearest of all to the heart of thine heart,
Though the passionate longing within thee may burn,
To thy home and thy loved ones, that bids thee return;
Yet, amid the wild hopes in thy bosom that glow,
The Master Desire is the Passion TO KNOW;
And ever thy spirit hath thirsted to ken
The wisdom that passes the wisdom of men.

XIV.

"Then tarry and list—to the Syrens alone
The Present, the Past, and the Future are known.
By us there is nothing unheard or unseen;
Whatever shall be, or whatever hath been.
No secret so deep, but to us it is told—
No riddle so dark, but our strains can unfold.
Then turn thee, Ulysses—oh turn thee again,
To drink of the Fount thou hast sighed for in vain!"

XV.

So sounded the strain on the Chieftain's ear,
From the Syrens' Isle, as the bark drew near;
And ever his heart, with a strange desire,
Beat like a bird at its prison-wire.
With the might of a giant he fiercely strained
To burst the steel that his limbs enchained;
But stout was the strength of the pinewood mast,
And massive the fetters that held him fast;

And sturdy the arms of the stalwart crew;
And swift through the waters the galley flew;
And faint and more faint fell the wondrous lay,
And died in the distance far away.

THE THREE FRIENDS:

OR,

THE WELFORD PARSON'S TALE.

In that fair season, when the forest trees
Are feathered first with green; when the sweet breeze,
Tinged with faint perfume from the opening flowers,
Whispers the coming glories of the year—
At that fair season, round a festive board,
In the small parlour of a village Inn
That overlooked a broad expanse of sea,
Three travellers sate one evening. They were all
In the full vigour of a lusty prime,
And every brow, though ever and anon
A momentary sadness flitted past,
Open and clear as Morning's prime should be.

They were old friends; in the same village born,
Reared at one school, and from their cradle days
Comrades in all things. One was Leonard Holt
The Parson's son, and late an orphan left:
A thoughtful youth, but full of gallant hope.
For him, his father's ancient school ally,
A trader in the far Brazils, had oped
His office door, and with it that steep path
Which, with long toil, may lead to wealth at last.
The second, that gay rattlepate, whom all
Reproved but loved—Frank Percival his name:
He too an orphan from his earliest years,
Dependent on the bounty of the Squire,
His distant kinsman—now with spur and cap,
And fire-new uniform, behold him sit
Discoursing regimental wit new-learned.
The veriest pedant is your tyro, lest
He talk like common men. Anon he prates
Of the long voyage, and the far Indian clime—
Fakeers, pagodas, tigers, and rupees
Jumbled in wild confusion in his talk,
As in his brain.

And by his side the third,
The calmest, manliest spirit of the three,
Pierce Eversfield, the wealthy farmer's son,
Who, but for six tall brothers that filled up
Too close the seats the ingle-nook beside,
Had scarce resigned Old England's meads, to hew
Australian forests.

They had met to pass
One early summer day, and bid adieu
To old companionship; and now the hours
Too soon had sped, and twilight falling fast
Warned them that that sad word must soon be said,
Epitome of human life, "Farewell."
Their cheerful talk had changed to graver speech,
Then flagg'd awhile, and then to silence sank,
More sad than words—till Eversfield at last
Spake in clear tone. "Oh let us not be sad;
This is no hour for sorrow, but for hope;
And hope is gladdest of all human things.
See there our path!" and pointed as he said,
Through the laburnum's dropping shower of gold,
Where the great sea lay spread beneath the sky.

They looked, and straight the light in every eye
Kindled anew, for all the Western Heaven
Was one rich glowing mass of ruddy gold;
And o'er the waves a quivering streak of light
Ridged the drear waste of waters, like a path
Made by an Angel's footsteps.

Therewith Holt
Cried, "Nobly spoken! such our path shall be.
Such all men's paths whose hearts are true and strong;
Marked out by light divine across the waste,
To end in perfect glory at the last.
Come, let no sorrow mar our parting hour,
And we will sing our favourite madrigal,
Writ in an idle hour, when least we deemed
'T would one day bear a meaning like to that
This hour shall lend it."

So the three rose up:
Clasped hand-in-hand, they stood around the board;
And with clear voices, tutored to unite
In mellow sweetness, sang their parting song.

The Parting.

I.

Fill the goblet—'tis the last—
Ere another hour be pass'd,
We who sit the board beside,
Like the winds shall scatter wide!
Over seas our journeys lie,
Each beneath a distant sky;
Thus we part: but how and when,—
When shall we three meet again?

II.

Ours nor wealth, nor high estate,
Nor the smiles that win the great,
Manly heart and willing hand,
All the store that we command;—
Yet shall these our pathway cleave
Unto greatness, and achieve
Fortune's topmost round, and then—
Then may we three meet again!

III.

When our gallant course is run—
When the golden prize is won—
When, perchance, our names, renowned,
On the lips of men shall sound—
When, with hope's fulfilment blest,
Comes Life's evening hour of rest,
Nobly earned by labour, then—
Then may we three meet again!

And so they parted.

Fleet the years sped on,
Year after year, each fleeter than the last.
Children who crawled that eve the cottage floor,
Had reached the later autumn of their days;
When, on a bleak November morn, whose sun
Seemed the pale spectre of his Summer glow,
A traveller lighted at the humble door
Of the small village Inn. His tottering step,

His furrow'd forehead, scantly fringed with gray,
And the shrunk hollow of his saffron cheek,
Told, so that all might read, the lamp of life
Was flickering in its socket. Slow he climbed
The rustic porch, and wistfully looked round
On every face; but ever turned away
Without a word: then prayed that he might rest
In the small parlour that o'erlooked the sea.
He knew the room, he said, and led the way.
Alone he entered, and for one long hour
Sate, as they told me, by the window side,
Silently gazing, through the leafless boughs,
On the dull leaden sky, and sullen sea.
Then he departed, silent as he came,
With ample largess for the wondering host.

There was much gossip round the cottage fires,
Who might the stranger be. But late returned,
His servants whispered, from some foreign place,
Whose strange outlandish name their English jaws
Essayed in vain; and rich as any Jew.
Who might he be, and what his errand here?

A Welford man, belike; and did he leave
Some of his gold to cheer the poor man's heart
With food and fuel through the winter nights?
So wagged the rustic tongue.

But as for me,
When on my parish rounds I heard the tale,
There was no mystery. Leonard Holt, I knew,
A rich, but childless solitary man,
Had late returned from Maranhao's coast.
He was the sole survivor of the Three
Whose parting visit was the first event
My boyish memory chronicled.

And so
The old man had come home, come home alone!
Well, I was but a boy in those old times—
He a grown man: I could not comfort him.
But it was sad to picture him alone,
Peopling the void with phantoms of the past—
With the fair features of the mirthful boy,
Who in his first campaign, his earliest field,
Sabre in hand, the first to mount the breach,
Had fallen beneath the towers of Bangalore:

Or his calm face, who, late in middle life,
A man already marked for eminence,
Had died; by sudden fever smitten down,
With wife and children weeping round his bed.
Yes, it was sad to picture him alone,
In the small parlour of the village Inn;
And, as the words returned upon mine ear
Of that old madrigal which they had sung
Last at their parting hour—for well I knew
That strain familiar to my childish ear—
My busy fancy, as the fire burned low,
Shaped a fit answer; such as, had they all
Returned like Leonard Holt, they might have sung.

The Reunion.

I.

Many a Winter's sun hath set,
Since in vanished years we met.
Many a sea and many a shore,
We since then have wandered o'er;

Peril deep, adventure strange,
Time and tide, and chance and change—
Yet the three who parted then
Here in age do meet again!

II.

When our parting song we sung,
We were hopeful, we were young;
And the tears that dimmed our eyes,
Were but drops of April skies.
Bright the Past behind us lay,
Bright was Life's untrodden way!
High in heart we parted then,
How do we three meet again?

III.

Guests, whose faces, homeward set,
On the threshold linger yet—
Reapers, tired at set of sun;
Voyagers, whose port is won—

Pilgrims, whose expectant eyes
See the distant towers arise—
Wearied of the ways of men—
Thus do we three meet again

A DIRGE

I.

Lay him in his quiet bed,
Strew the turf upon his head,
Give not idle grief its vent:
Wherefore should we make lament?
Speak not of a goodly flower
Blighted in its fairest hour!
Many days in life he passed;
None so welcome as the last!
And the gift he most did crave,
Was the quiet of the grave.

II.

From his cradle to his shroud,
Sorrow wrapped him in her cloud.
Orphaned young, by strangers nursed,
Lonely-hearted from the first.
No fond arms, with love untold,
Did his infant limbs enfold.
Crow, and laugh, and baby-joke,
Ne'er his nursery's echoes woke.
As in riper years he grew,
None his bosom's secrets knew;
All unloved through life he passed,
Lonely-hearted to the last!

III.

Yet the heart that seemed so chill
Did with deep affections thrill.
Love to him did seem to be
This world's one reality:
And, for that fair prize of love,
Many a weary year he strove:

Spared not toil, nor heeded pain,
Yet his search was all in vain.
Honour, praise, esteem, he won
From all hearts, but love from none!

IV.

Till the soul, so sternly tried,
By long grief was purified;
And in Sorrow's frequent blast
Wisdom's voice was heard at last:
That the gift for which he sighed,
Must in mercy be denied.
In the bliss of such a lot,
Heaven for Earth had been forgot.
Low he bowed, and then for aye,
Cast his cherished hope away.

V.

In the world he bore his part,
With a frank and manly heart.
Few his hidden sorrow guessed,
None e'er heard its tale confessed.

But within his secret bower,
In his solitary hour,
From his wrung and suffering soul,
Spite of sternest self-control,
Oft the bitter prayer would come,
"Father, Father, take me home!"

VI.

Lay him in his quiet bed,
Strew the turf upon his head.
Let the voice of grief be still,
Though the world rave as it will!
Who can doubt that Mercy heard
That sad prayer so oft preferred?
If a requiem we must have,
"Blessed was the Hand that gave,
But more blessed," let us say,
"Was the Hand that took away."

ANGELS' SONG AT A DEATH-BED.

I.

Joy to thee, brother! thy toil is passed,
The goal of thy journey is gained at last!
And thy weary foot e'en now is pressed
On the threshold of Everlasting Rest.

II.

Dost thou not see, through the deepening shade,
As the colours of earth into darkness fade,
The light that breaks on thy Spirit's eye,
From the radiant shores of Eternity?

III.

Hearest thou not, as thy sense grows dim,
Far off the sound of the Seraph's hymn?
'Tis the song of welcome, wherewith they wait
The heir of their Lord at his Father's Gate.

IV.

We have hovered thy daily steps about,
We, the Spirits of Love, for that end sent out:
To guide and uphold in the narrow way
The wandering steps of the sons of clay.

V.

We marked with sorrow and mingled fear
The wayward steps of thy young career:
We saw thee turn from the rightful road,
Down the flowery slope that is smooth and broad,

VI.

Wandering on through the shining hours,
Heedless of all but the fruits and flowers ;
And we wept for the long and the dreary way,
'Twixt thee and thy Father's house that lay.

VII.

But we did not weep when the bolt of wrath
Fell, sudden and full, on thy guilty path ;
When the sunny garden that round thee smiled,
Was changed to a Desert dark and wild :

VIII.

Nor when we beheld thee, with aspect strange,
Gaze on the face of that fearful change ;
Then with frightened footsteps hurry thence,
Through the rugged by-way of Penitence.

IX.

Though fierce on thy forehead the noontide heat;
Though sharp were the thorns to thy bleeding feet;
Though heavy the Cross that thy shoulder bore;
And terrible round thee the torrents' roar.

X.

For we knew that the path led true and straight
To the Towers of Light, and the Golden Gate:
And each feeble step that thou took'st, did tend
Nearer and nearer to that bright end.

XI.

We saw, what was hid from thy darkened eye,
The end of thy toilsome road draw nigh:
And we knew that e'en then was the strain begun
In the Courts of Heaven that a soul was won!

XII.

And it is over—the Glory pours
Full on thy brow from the shining Towers:
And the hands of the Angel guards unfold
To welcome thy coming the Gates of Gold!

XIII.

Yet, happy Spirit, a moment wait,
Ere thy wing shall pass through the Shining Gate;
One brief look, ere thou partest, cast
Over the road that thy steps have passed.

XIV.

Long and weary to thee it seemed,
Nor hope on its dark horizon beamed.
Look down from the Holy Mountain's brow—
How brief and how bright it appeareth *now!*

XV.

Joy to thee, brother! thy toil is o'er:
Sorrow and thou shall meet no more.
Enter thee in, an expected guest,
Enter the Land of Eternal Rest.

THE SONG OF THE HOUR.

[*Adapted to the Tune of "The German Watchman."*]

I.

From St. Mary's belfry tower
Peals the Clock the midnight hour.
Hours on hours unheeded fly,
So the Million live and die!

II.

Hark again! the Tongue of Time
Shrilly tells the quarter chime!
So doth Boyhood, brief and gay,
Glide in thoughtless mirth away!

III.

Hark again! the warning tone,
Half our hour already flown!
Thus, on restless schemings bent,
Manhood's years are idly spent!

IV.

Hark again! the quarters peal,
Still the minutes onward steal!
Thus on Life's meridian stage,
Creeps the stealthy step of Age!

V.

Hark once more! the deep-toned bell
Tolls the hour's departing knell!
So shall sound the Judgment Call
Once, and only once, to all!

HYMN.

FOR LENT.

[*Adapted to "The Spanish Chant."*]

I.

THOU who cam'st down, Thy place
  In Heaven resigning,
In Mary's meek embrace
  Helpless reclining!
Lo, we our weakness own,
Help Thou, for Thou alone
All human wants hast known;
  Help our repining!

II.

Thou who, for many a year,
Homeless and friendless,
Grief's bitter load didst bear,
Measureless, endless!
Lo, at Thy feet we throw
Our weight of guilt and woe;
Help Thou, for Thou dost know
Man may not bear it!

III.

Thou, who Thy Cross beside,
Saw'st her who bore Thee,
And bad'st those tears be dried,
Fast flowing for Thee!
We too from each fond heart,
Deep though our love, must part;
Thou who hast felt that smart,
Comfort, and heal it!

IV.

Thou, who Death's iron chain
  Mightily rending,
Didst rise to Heaven again,
  Victor ascending!
We too, like Thee, must die,
We in Thy grave must lie;
Lord, in that hour be nigh;
  Let us rise with Thee.

ASCENSION HYMN.

[*Adapted to the Air "God Preserve the Emperor."*]

I.

Lo, the glorious work is ended,
That great work for which the Son
From the Heaven of Heavens descended,
And Mortality put on.
All His years of toil completed,
All His Cup of Sorrow spent,
Death subdued, and Hell defeated,
And the Grave's dark portals rent!

II.

Now the faithful hearts that owned Him,
From the earth behold Him rise;
Till the clouds that gather round Him,
Hide His glory from their eyes.
Then let Heaven, let all Creation,
All His mighty Sceptre sways,
With united acclamation,
Sound the Conqueror's Hymn of Praise!

III.

"Ope the Eternal Gates; unfold them,
His returning steps to greet!
Scarce the Heaven of Heavens can hold Him,
Scarce His praises half repeat.
Lo, the glories, Lord, that wait Thee;
Mount again Thy Sovereign Seat!
There to reign, till all that hate Thee,
Shall be subject to Thy feet."

PSALM XXIV.

I.

EARTH, with all her countless sons,
Doth the Lord's dominion own,
Where the World's wide circuit runs,
He is King, and He alone.
He the wondrous fabric planned,
Work of His Almighty Hand.
He, above the waters' waste,
Earth's foundations firmly based.

II.

Who shall mount the Hill Divine?
Who shall bend in worship there?
Free to tread the inmost shrine
Of His holy house of prayer?
He of meek and holy thought,
Deed of guilt who never wrought;
He whose bosom, pure and true,
Taint of falsehood never knew.

III.

Such the servants, whom the Lord,
Largely, shall delight to bless;
And Salvation's God reward
With the gift of Righteousness.
Such are they, the chosen race,
Who shall seek Jehovah's Face,
Seek His Face, and ever dwell
With the God of Israel.

IV.

Lift your heads, Eternal Gates,
Wide, ye Doors, your portals fling!
Lo, the King of Glory waits,
Glorious He shall enter in.
"Who the King of Glory? tell:"
Hark the Choir's exulting swell—
"'T is the Lord, the Lord of Might,
Great in battle, strong in fight!"

V.

Lift your heads, Eternal Gates,
Wide, ye Doors, your portals fling!
Lo, the King of Glory waits,
Glorious He shall enter in.
"Who the King of Glory? tell:"
Hark the Choir's triumphant swell—
"'T is the Lord, the Lord whose sway
Heaven's unnumbered Hosts obey!"

TRANSLATIONS.

TRANSLATIONS.

FROM BYRON'S CORSAIR.

(Canto I. 1.)

O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our hearts as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!
These are our realms; no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet, obey.
Ours the wild life, in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh! who can tell—not thou, luxurious slave,
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave.
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease,
Whom slumber soothes not, pleasure cannot please.

IDEM.

Latine Redditum.

Æquora cœrulei super exultantia ponti,
  Omni corda vacant, pontus ut ipse, jugo
Aura ubicunque ferat, fluctus ubicunque tumescant,
  Poscimus imperium, conspicimusque Lares.
Qua patet oceanus, patet hic sine limite regnum,
  Sceptra maris, cuncti Martia signa pavent.
Nobis vita ferox, operi immiscere quietem,
  Alternare vices, et vice utrâque frui.
Ecquis scire potest? non quem regit ægra libido,
  Deficeret tumido cor muliebre salo!
Nec tu luxuriæ, dominusque ignobilis otî;
  Gaudia quem lassant, nec levat ipsa quies.

Oh! who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide—
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
That for itself can woo th' approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight.
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal;
And where the feebler faint, can only feel—
Feel to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken, and its spirit soar.
No dread of death, if with us die our foes,
Save that it seems e'en duller than repose.
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life;
When lost—what recks it, by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamoured of decay
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head:
Ours the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang, one bound, escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loathed his life may gild his grave.

Ecquis scire potest—nisi qui mare noverit altum,
Victor et immensas pervolitârit aquas—
Gaudia quæ sensus agitent insana, vagantis
Quà notat æquoream semita nulla viam?
Ipse sibi Martis qui prima exordia poscat
Grata putans, alii quæ metuenda putent—
Quæ timidi fugiant, nimio fervore requirat—
Et qua deficerent debiliora metu,
Sentiat ex imis corda exagitata medullis
Et spes accensas, et caluisse sinus!
Hoste simul cæso, necis haud pallescimus horam,
Attamen haud torpet segnior ipsa quies.
Sic veniat, vitâ, nam vera hæc vita, fruamur,
Morbo quid refert an periisse manu?
Langueat at si quis, senio contentus inerti,
Debilis annorum tædia longa trahat,
Ægrotans agitet caput, et suspiria ducat—
Nobis herba virens, et sine febre torus.
Dum luctantem animam vix longo angore resolvit,
Ruperit exiguus vincula nostra dolor.
Marmore compositos cineres monumenta coronent,
Quique omnes annos oderit, ossa colat.

Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
For us e'en banquets fond regret supply,
In the red cup that crowns our memory;
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the prey,
And cry, remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
"How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*"

Sunt lacrimæ nobis ultro de pectore natæ,
  Siquando exequias solverit Unda suis.
Ipsa simul veros stimulant convivia luctus,
  Amissos quoties pocula fida cient.
Elogium et breviter dictum, sub fine pericli,
  Cum sua virtutis præmia quisque capit;
Et desiderio victi inter pocula clamant,
  "Jamque exultâssent, qui cecidere, boni!"

TRANSLATIONS

AND

ADAPTATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

I.

THE FIELD.

LATE Pythias owned me, Abas owns to-day,
To-morrow who may own me, none can say;
Each in his turn accounts me as his own,
But I am Fortune's field, and hers alone.

IDEM LATINE.

DICTUS Achæmenidis nuper, nunc dicor Abantis,
Cras dicendus ager fors et alius heri.
Hic putet esse suum, velut ille putaverit olim,
Neminis at sane sum, nisi Sortis, ager.

II.

ON MYRRHA.

HENCEFORTH two Venuses adore,
And Muses ten, and Graces four;
The admiring world in Myrrha views
Another Venus, Grace, and Muse.

IDEM LATINE.

QUATUOR hinc Charites, Veneres duo disce, decemque
Musas; Myrrha nitet Gratia, Musa, Venus.

III.

THE OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT.

I WAS poor, when Life began;
At Life's close, a wealthy man!
Out on thee, my wayward fate,
Still perverse in either state.

Which, when youth was in its spring,
Lacked the means that pleasure bring;
And has gained those means at last,
When enjoyment's hours are past!

IDEM LATINE.

Pauper eram juvenis, senior ditissimus adsum,
Utrâvis pariter conditione miser.
Defuit, ut potui vitæ decerpere flores,
Ut nihil prosunt dulcia, nummus adest.

IV.

ON KINDNESS.

Kindness doth not brook delay;
Sweet is kindness done to-day.
Tardy kindness is but small:
Nay, good sooth, 't is none at all!

IDEM, LATINE.

Gratia non parvam præsens habet, Attice, laudem;
Parvi tarda valet—Pol valet illa nihil!

V.

GOLD.

Parent of flatterers, child of grief and care,
Gold—whom to have, is fear; to want, despair!

VI.

LIFE A DRAMA.

Life's a drama—play thy best,
With the comic actor, jest:
Or complain not, if thou find
Sorrow's part to thee assigned!

VII.

ON THE TOMB OF SAON.

In holy rest here righteous Saon lies;
Say not he died; the righteous never dies!

LATINE.

Hic requiem sanctam Saon bonus ille quiescit
Morte neges obitâ; nescit obire bonus.

VIII.

ON THE TOMB OF THEMISTOCLES.

Here lies Themistocles—I pray thee, peace—
Here lies the envy of ungrateful Greece.

LATINE.

Advena, ne dicas Neocliden hicce jacere,
Hic jacet infelix Helladis invidia!

IX.

ON THE TOMB OF ÆSCHYLUS.

Beneath Sicilian skies, by Gela's wave,
Far from his Attic home—behold the grave
Of Æschylus!—alas what jealous hate,
Athens, thou bearest to thy good and great!

X.

ON THE TOMB OF TIMON.

Brambles and thorns are planted round my clay;
They'll prick thee, Stranger, and I wish they may!
Timon am I, the Misanthrope, away!
If cursing me delight thy mind, rail on;
One thing alone I pray thee grant—Begone!

XI.

ON THE TOMB OF A MISER.

A NIGGARD in soul, though a Crœsus in pelf,
He was rich to his heirs, but a pauper himself!

XII.

ON THE TOMB OF A VALETUDINARIAN.

NOT much I drank, nor much I ate,
My pains alone, not small.
I lived too long, and died too late,
A plague upon ye all!

XIII.

ON A LADY WITH FALSE HAIR.

THE folks, my fair, deride thine hair,
And vow that thou dost dye it!
'Tis false, I swear—most false, my fair—
'Twas black when thou didst buy it!

LATINE.

INDUTAM crines alienos Phillida fingunt,
Fœmina se crines jurat habere suos;
Hercule vera refers, juras verissima Phillis,
Ipsa quod emisti, quis neget esse tuum?

XIV.

ON A BAD DANCER.

Nor Niobe, nor Daphne could
More graceful ease have shown.
Not Daphne's self—when turned to wood!
Nor Niobe—to stone!

LATINE.

Daphne nec Niobe saltando vicerit illum,
Altera, facta arbos—altera, facta lapis.

XV.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER WITHOUT PUPILS.

Hail, pupils seven! who throng the halls
Of Aristippus' schools—
Four of the seven, the schoolroom walls,
And three, the empty stools!

LATINE.

Discipuli septem docti salvete Menippi,
Muri quadruplices, et tria sessibula!

XVI.

ON A BAD SINGER.

THE Screech-owl, melancholy bird,
Her strain sepulchral plied:
But when Demophilus she heard,
The very screech-owl died!

XVII.

ON A BAD PAINTER.

A PORTRAIT here, my friend, I see
By skilful Lysicles, of thee:
The most amazing likeness, too,
Of all the world—excepting you!

NOTES.

NOTES.

ST. PETER.

P. 2, *l.* 7.

The tempest's wrath
Sank into silence round Its path,
As raging winds and waters quailed
Before their Maker's face unveiled.

The terror of the Elements at the immediate presence of God, and the sudden subsiding of their fury, is one of frequent occurrence in Scripture. Compare Psalm lxxvii. 16, lxxxix. 9, cvii. 29, cxiv. 7 ; Heb. iii. 10, &c.

ST. ANDREW.

P. 13, *l.* 4.

When on the Gospel errand sent,
Far into heathen lands he went.

The traditional history of St. Andrew's life represents him as having travelled over a large portion of Asia, nearly all Greece,

and into the distant wilds of Scythia; it also states that he suffered martyrdom at Patræ of Achaia. A great deal of what is related is apocryphal, and a great deal more, manifest fiction; but there is the authority of Origen for his having preached in Scythia; and that of Gregory of Nazianzen and Theodoret for his sojourn in Greece.

P. 18, *l.* 2. "The first Apostle's faith be ours."

See St. John i. 38, 40. St. Philip may have been "ὁ πρωτόκλητος," the first whom our Lord called, as Cave (Life of St. Philip) contends; but St. Andrew was certainly ὁ πρῶτος μαθητής," the first who chose Jesus as his Master.

ST. JAMES.

P. 23, *l.* 5. But, for that which ye entreat,
Place, &c.

Our Lord's answer to St. James, "To sit on My right hand and on My left, is not Mine to give; but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My Father" (St. Matthew xx. 23), has been very generally misunderstood. It would be more correctly rendered, "It is not My *way* (it is not in accordance with My mode of procedure) to give it, except to those, &c. Our Lord

does not mean to say it was not in His power to give it to whomsoever He pleased: indeed Scripture expressly states that the allotting of the seats in Glory *did* belong to Him (See St. Luke xxii. 29). But He could not consent to give them otherwise than in accordance with the decrees of Infinite Justice, which assigned such honour to the faithful and victorious servant of God: even, as He said afterwards to St. John, "to him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with Me on my Throne."—Rev. iii. 21.

P. 25, *l.* 1. Behold, a scene of violence, &c.

The story of the sudden conversion of the Accuser of St. James, and of his having suffered martyrdom in company with his victim, rests on the authority of Clement of Alexandria, a writer of the second century; who received it, according to his own statement, from the tradition of those before him. Eusebius, who has preserved the fragment in his Ecclesiastical History, pronounces it to be a "narrative worthy of note," (*μνήμης ἀξία*,) and evidently credits it. Clement states that it was the Apostle's demeanour before his judges that caused his Accuser's conversion; but, according to him, the latter declared himself a Christian, not at the place of execution, but in open court. I have not, however, thought it necessary to adhere so closely to the precise detail, of what is confessedly but a loose traditional narrative.

ST. JOHN.

P. 32, *l.* 11. None but the Spirits of the Saved
That name could understand.

See Rev. ii. 17, "To him that overcometh will I . . . give a white stone (that is, an assurance of his acquittal at the bar of Heaven; a white pebble being the regular token of acquittal among the Greeks), and on the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it."

P. 33, *l.* 5. Eleven his brethren's names, long passed
To Judgment, &c.

The Apocalypse is generally allowed to have been written A.D. 96, when St. John, traditionally reputed as having been the youngest of the Apostles, was in extreme old age. Therefore, though nothing positive has been recorded of the times when eight of the Twelve died, it may be almost certainly assumed that the last of them had been removed from earth several years before the manifestation of St. John's Apocalyptic vision.

P. 34, *l.* 1. He saw the robe of Sovereign Power
On Tabor's heights displayed.

Modern writers have questioned the ancient traditional belief that the Transfiguration took place on Mount Tabor. But if the Gospel narrative affords little or no reason for believing

Tabor to have been the scene of the miracle; it affords equally scanty ground for believing that it was *not* the place where it occurred; or for fixing on Mount Paneas or Hermon instead. Early tradition may have correctly preserved the locality, and that appears to be all that can be said on the subject. We have nothing else to guide us.

P. 34, *l.* 7 — He only of the risen Tomb
The secret rightly read.

See St. John xx. 8. St. John did not simply believe that the Body had been taken away, for (as Alford remarks) the Evangelist "does not use the word πιστεύειν in that sense. He believed that Jesus was risen from the dead. He did this on the ocular testimony before him; for as yet neither he nor Peter knew the Scriptures, so as to be *à priori* convinced of the certainty that it would be so."—*Alford*, ad loc.

Ib. l. 15. — He bade the sick, and they were healed;
The dead, and they awoke.

See St. Matthew x. 8; St. Mark xvi. 18.

ST. PHILIP.

P. 37, *l.* 1. — "Lord, if Thou bidst me go,
Thy will," &c.

I have adopted the tradition, preserved by Clement of Alexandria, a writer of the second century, that the disciple who

asked permission (St. Luke ix. 59) to bury his father, before proceeding on the mission enjoined upon him by the Lord, was St. Philip. The assertion receives some countenance from Tertullian, who though he does not directly say that the disciple in question was St. Philip, yet declares him to have been one of the Twelve.—(Tertullian de Baptismo, 12.) The ablest modern commentators, such as Greswell and Alford, are disposed to believe the tradition; nor is there anything in the Scripture narrative which militates against, or is inconsistent with it. Cave, indeed, objects that it clearly refers to the first call of the disciple in question, whereas St. Philip had been called long before. But there is nothing to show the former part of this statement to be correct. In fact, the context of the passage rather goes to prove the contrary. It seems likely that it and the two other occurrences which immediately precede and follow it (verses 57 and 61), refer to the Mission of the Seventy Disciples, which was then about to take place. It is not unreasonable to believe that our Lord desired all three disciples to proceed along with the others to preach the Gospel; and that the three replies He received, or rather the three observations or requests made in reply, all bore reference to that command. "Follow Me," need not imply "Become My disciple;" but may refer to a special mission, or perhaps may be a warning to one who seemed wanting in zeal.

P. 38, *l.* 10. For ever from that day,
Old things had passed away.

This and what follows is not intended to apply *personally* to

St. Philip, more than to any other case of special and miraculous conversion recorded in the New Testament: further, that is to say, than this—that our Lord's words evidently relate to such an entire and instantaneous charge; and it is presumable that he to whom they were addressed obeyed them, and reaped the fruit of his obedience. He who gave the command could, and doubtless did, supply the grace, by which it would be fully carried into effect.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

P. 46, *l.* 5. Such wert thou, meek Saint . . .
Who, by thy Philip's side, &c.

The identity of Nathanael with the Apostle Bartholomew, assumed in these lines, is now almost universally admitted. It is clear from the 21st chapter of St. John, that Nathanael was one of the Twelve; for it is stated (ver. 2) that he was one of those to whom the Lord appeared by the Sea of Tiberias; and in ver. 14, it is intimated that none but Apostles were present. But if Nathanael was one of the Twelve, he must be the same as St. Matthew, St. James the Less, St. Simon the Canaanite, or St. Bartholomew, for the other eight Apostles are mentioned by St. John by their proper names. Now he cannot be identical with St. Matthew, whose other name was Levi, and who dwelt at Capernaum; nor with James or Simon, if they were, as is very commonly believed, the Lord's brethren; for it is (see St. John i. 49) evident that no relationship existed between Nathanael and the Saviour. Independently, therefore, of the

argument deducible from the intimate connexion between the Nathanael and Philip of St. John, and the Bartholomew and Philip of the other three Evangelists—it is most probable that Nathanael and Bartholomew are the same.

ST. THOMAS.

P. 55, l. 10. And though less blessed
Than he whose faith, unaided, had achieved
The truth not yet revealed, who saw not, yet believed.

See note on line 63 of St. John, p. 189.

ST. MATTHEW.

P. 62, l. 3. Neither comeliness nor grace
Marked It from the throng of men.

See Isaiah liii. 2 :—"He hath no form nor comeliness ; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him." The earliest commentators inferred from this passage, that our Lord's person was actually deformed, or at least extremely unsightly. On the other hand, in the fourth and fifth centuries, an idea was entertained (founded on Psalm xlv. 2) that He was remarkable for great dignity of form, and beauty of feature. Neither passage will support the inference. All that is meant seems to be, that our Lord's figure and features were in no respect remarkable among the general crowd of men ; and this view is fully borne out by the Gospel narrative itself. Compare St. John viii. 57 ; St. Matthew xxvi. 48.

P. 65, *l.* 5. Unto Earth's remotest land.

St. Matthew is said by Socrates to have travelled into Ethiopia: that is to say, the Asiatic Ethiopia, the name given somewhat loosely to a vast tract of country extending along the Ganges, in a south-westerly direction, almost to the African continent. It was, in St. Matthew's time, the extremity of the known world.

ST. JAMES THE LESS.

P. 71, *l.* 12. "The brother of the Lord."

Some writers have questioned the identity of "James the son of Alpheus" with the "James the Lord's brother" of Galat. i. 19, who was the first Bishop of Jerusalem. But the expression of St. Paul in the passage above quoted "ἕτερον τῶν ἀπόστολων," where "*the* Apostles" are spoken of, as a known and determinate body, shows plainly that the Twelve alone are intended. But if James the Lord's brother is admitted to be one of the Twelve, he must needs be the same as James the son of Alpheus, for the other James is always in Scripture "the son of Zebedee," or "the brother of John."—St. Matt. x. 3; St. Mark x. 35; Acts xii. 1, &c.

P. 74, *l.* 12. The Martyr's witness to the truths they taught!

St. James was put to death by Ananus, the High Priest, in the first year of the Procuratorship of Albinus, A.D. 63. Eusebius relates, from Hegesippus, that the chief priests placed him on

the parapet of the Temple, and commanded him to address the people, declaring Christ to be an impostor; on his making a declaration, the exact opposite of what they had required, they threw him down into the court, and a man with a fuller's club beat out his brains.—*Hegesipp. ap. Euseb. H. E.* ii. 23.

ST. JUDE.

P. 84, *l.* 1. And the brief Scripture which, &c.

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty."—*St. Jude's Epistle*, ver. 24.

ST. SIMON THE CANAANITE.

P. 89, *l.* 1. In the sunset's crimson light,
Lo, at Jesus' feet they kneel.

It is a frequent practice in the East to set out on a journey about nightfall; the burning heat of the sun rendering travelling by day almost intolerable.—See St. Luke xi. 6; Mark xiii. 35, &c.

Ib. l. 7. By his side the child of Doom.

It is the universal opinion that St. Matthew (x. 2, 4) mentions the several pairs in which the Apostles went out on this mission. According to his order, St. Simon was the colleague of Judas Iscariot. This is the more remarkable, be-

cause St. Luke places him above St. Jude in the lists which he gives of the Apostles, both in his Gospel and in the Acts. (St. Luke vi. 13; Acts i. 13.) It would appear as though he had been put out of his regular place, in order to be the one to accompany Judas Iscariot. If, as has been generally affirmed, he was the Simon "the brother of James, Joses, and Judas," this is still more striking; for he was evidently Jude's elder brother, and his place would naturally have been with St. James. —St. Matt. xiii. 55; St. Mark vi. 3.

P. 92, *l.* 1. Who the story shall relate
How his glorious task was done?

Nothing is known with any kind of certainty of this Apostle, beyond the fact of his call to the Apostolate. He is only three times mentioned in Scripture, once on the occasion of the selection of the Twelve (St. Mark x. 18); once when he was sent with the others on a special mission (St. Matt. x. 4); and once when he is mentioned as awaiting with his brother-converts the Descent of the Holy Ghost (Acts i. 13). In none of these instances is anything recorded illustrative of his life or character; nor is he mentioned by any subsequent writer, upon whom reliance can be placed.

Ib. l. 12. Save the Zealot's name he bore.

It is a common opinion that St. Simon was so called, because he had formerly belonged to the sect of the Zealots, a body pretending to be the successors of Phinehas, who (Numb. xxv. 8) put offenders to death without trial or sentence. But the

crimes and general corruption attributed to this sect by Josephus (B. J. iv. 6, § 3), make it unlikely that any upright man should have belonged to such a party. Moreover, the expression of St. Luke, "καλούμενον Ζηλωτήν," looks as though the name were a personal distinction. It is most reasonable to suppose that the title bore reference to his devotion to Christ; and the more so, because he seems never to have been rebuked on any occasion for want of faith, as nearly all the others were.

ST. MATTHIAS.

P. 97, *l.* 8. "Unto his own sad place" is gone.

"He went to the place which he had made his own; which he had earned, which he had won; to win which he had deserted and relinquished the highest of human places; he went to his own sad place."—*Moberly's Sermons*, Second Series, p. 172.

P. 99, *l.* 1. The quest is made—but two can claim
Such title to the Steward's trust.

The idea seems to be generally entertained, that the Eleven *chose* Barsabas and Matthias out of a larger number; leaving the selection between those two to Almighty God. It is hard, however, to see upon what this can rest. It is clear that the Eleven did not feel themselves entitled to pronounce upon the *inward* fitness of any possible aspirants to the vacant place. Remembering that the Lord had in the first instance chosen the Twelve that they might "be always with Him" (St. Mark iii. 16;

St. John xv. 27); they argued that the new Apostle, whoever he might be, must be one who possessed this qualification, of having "companied with them all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among them;" and this was the only guiding principle they adopted. They felt themselves qualified to administer an external, but not an internal, test. Now surely it would have been a decided infringement of this principle, if they had reduced all the candidates, by any previous decision of theirs, to two; or excluded any who possessed the sole claim which they held to be valid. Moreover the word employed (ἔστησαν) never, so far as I am aware, means "elected." It denotes properly "put them before," "set them up," for Almighty God to pronounce His judgment respecting them, but implies no "judgment" on their part. A similar usage occurs a few chapters further on, in the instance of the ordination of the Deacons. They (the people) "elected" (ἐξελέξαντο) the Seven, and then "placed" them (ἔστησαν) before the Apostles for ordination. Considering the general desertion of the Saviour by His disciples, which took place in the second year of His ministry, it is far from unlikely that Barsabas and Matthias were the only two who had followed Him from the very first, without wandering or defection. Our Lord speaks, in the instance above referred to (St. John vi. 67), as though hardly any but the Twelve had been left still with Him. And His language to the Apostles on another occasion (St. Luke xxii. 28) seems to imply that they were the only ones—speaking generally—who had continued with Him from the very first.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

P. 110, *l.* 5. And those old words the echoes wake,
Which the wise Son of Sirach spake.

Four commemorations of the founder are celebrated in the College Chapel at Winchester, in the course of each year. The First Lesson specially appointed for these services, is Ecclesiasticus xliv.

P. 111, *l.* 7. When "summer's twilight" 'gan to gloam,
To hear the old "sweet song of home."

The beautiful song of Dulce Domum is sung by the Winchester boys on the evening of the founder's commemoration, at the annual election in July. Every Wykehamist will know that the words marked in inverted commas are quoted from the lines written in the year 1843, on the occasion of the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the opening of Winchester College, by one of the most distinguished ornaments of the present Wykehamical body, Mr. Roundell Palmer, Q.C. late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

P. 114, *l.* 7. Oh surely in that solemn hour, to thee so long delayed.

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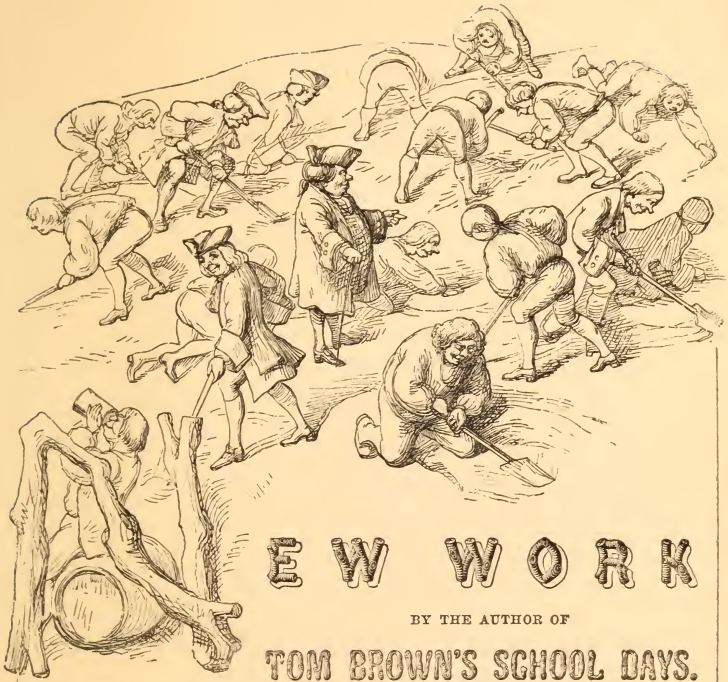

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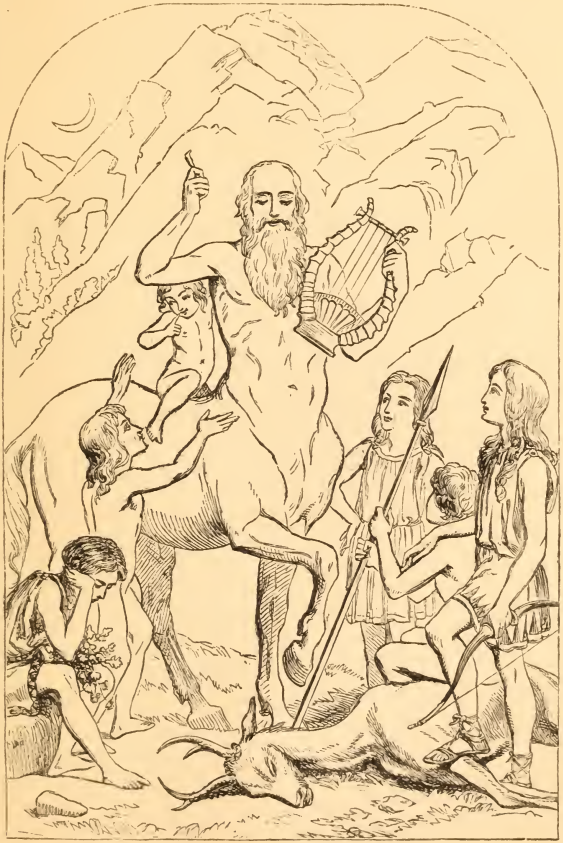

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